UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT
LIBRARIES

SEPTEMBER 6, 1948

New Republic

SEP 9 - 1948

SOCIALISM, MY AUNT!

By THOMAS WHITESIDE

THE CURE FOR JOB DISCRIMINATION

By BRUCE BLIVEN

ITALIAN POLITICS AFTER FASCISM

By PERCY WINNER

15¢

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This kind of magic is easy!

NOTHING in your hands! Nothing up your sleeves! But look . . .

. . . out of your *present income* grows a wonderful future. There's a home in the country, college for your children, travel and fun for the whole family, even a comfortable retirement income for yourself.

And this is no trick, no illusion. *It really can happen!* It is happening right now for millions of wise Americans who are buying U. S. Savings Bonds *automatically* on the Payroll Savings Plan.

Here's how the magic works. All you do is sign up for the Payroll Plan. Then regularly, automatically, part of everything you earn is used to purchase Savings Bonds.

And magically, week after week, these *automatic savings* pile up the money *you'll need* to pay for the future *you want!*

Don't forget that every dollar you put into Savings Bonds is a "money-making dollar"—that $75 Bond you buy today will be worth $100 in just 10 years. And these Bonds play a big part in helping keep our country financially sound and strong, too.

They're always available at any bank or post office. But the surest way—the easiest way—to build financial security for your future is to buy them *automatically* on the Payroll Plan.

If you're not on a payroll, and have a checking account, you can still enjoy the magic of automatic saving with the Bond-A-Month Plan. Ask about it at your bank.

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING—U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

U.S. SECURITY LOAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Republic

EDITOR: Michael Straight
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: Bruce Bliven
PUBLISHER: Daniel Mebane
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: W. D. Patterson

CONTENTS FOR SEPT. 6, 1948

5 The Week:
5 Political Roundup
6 Waterfront Trouble
7 AVC and Communism
8 Paris Forgets
9 Toothless Watchdog
10 Election in Georgia
10 Lobby Control
11 Socialism, My Aunt!
14 Italian Spectrum
17 Laws Against Discrimination
21 Books
27 Theatre
28 Radio
30 Movies
31 Correspondence

ARTICLES: Norman Grieser (Chief), Joseph Lyford, Thomas Whiteside, Myriam Wilson

STAFF CONTRIBUTORS: Malcolm Cowley, John Farrelly, Robin Kinkead, Ralph G. Martin, Claire Neikind, James R. Newman, Richard Watts Jr.

WASHINGTON BUREAU: William Walton (Chief), Jean Begeman, Jan Hasbrouck, Helen Fuller (Political Editor)

DEPARTMENTS: Robert L. Hatch (Chief), George Mayberry (Books), Harold Wolff (Business), Angus McDonald (Farm), Eva Putnam (Foreign Press), Willard Shelton (Labor), Charles Miller and Cecil Smith (Music), Saul Carson (Radio), Harold Clurman (Theater), Jane Bedell (United Nations)

ART: James Grunbaum (Chief), Josephine Murray

COPY EDITING: Elizabeth Huling (Chief), Ruth Tarcov

RESEARCH: Elizabeth L. Gardner, Barbara Greenfeld, Vasiliki Sarant

ADVERTISING MANAGER: E. G. Wood

CIRCULATION MANAGER: Eric Shumway

LIBRARY: Patricia Kuhnel (Chief), Fannie B. Sibley

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1948, IN THE U. S. A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y. UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. SINGLE COPY, 15¢; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; CANADA & FOREIGN, SEVEN DOLLARS. Printed in the U. S. A.

WASHINGTON WIRE

THE WASHINGTON SUMMER hadn't been really bad until last week, when it became almost unbearable. But the President was away. Congress was away. And the State Department wasn't talking about the Moscow conferences. All that disturbed the peace was the House Committee on Un-American Activities. It provided the hot-weather news which newspapers love to print. And the committee, which dearly loves a headline, had very little competition in the news.

But as a result of the committee's activities this summer it is becoming more than ever apparent that a real effort will be made in the next Congress to define the scope of a committee's investigatory power.

Early this year Senator Lucas (D, Ill.) introduced a resolution establishing a sort of bill of rights for witnesses before congressional committees and for those accused before them. The measure didn't get anywhere because Senator Brooks (R, Ill.) was chairman of the Senate Rules Committee, to which it was referred. Curly Brooks, being Bertie McCormick's man, was against such a proposal in any event, but particularly since it had his colleague's name on it. Brooks may be able to stall again, but the pressure is going to be considerable.

The best way to explain the Lucas resolution is to relate it to the Condon case. The Thomas committee defamed Dr. Edward U. Condon months ago, but has steadfastly refused to grant him a hearing. If the Lucas resolution had been on the books, Condon would have had the right to file a statement in his defense which would have been printed as part of the committee record. Moreover, he could have demanded the right to be heard in open session, accompanied by counsel. He (or his counsel) could have summoned witnesses to testify in his behalf. He (or his counsel) could have cross-examined any person who might have testified for or against him.

Actually, the loose charges made against Dr. Condon could not have been made in the manner used by the Thomas committee. For the resolution prohibits publication of charges against an individual until that individual has been advised of the charges and been given an opportunity to reply. Condon was never advised that the committee had him under scrutiny.

The amount of war talk heard throughout the country comes as a shock to one who has spent most of his time recently in Washington. Apparently, there are countless Americans who believe that war will start any day.

For the record, it can be reported that the highest officials here do not believe that war is inevitable. Certainly they do not believe that it will start soon. The overwhelming majority of high State Department officials, including Marshall, go on the assumption that Russia does not want war and, in fact, might retreat to avoid it.

All these officials grant that the situation is serious and even dangerous. They cannot be sure of the Kremlin's intentions and one push too far by Russia could start the shooting. But even in the Army and Navy, suggestions that war is imminent are generally discounted.

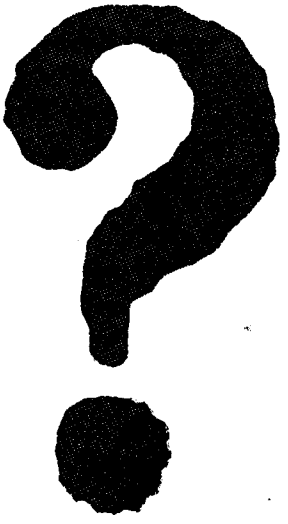
Administration policy is to be prepared for any contingency. But the policy is not what it would be if there were a conviction in high quarters that war is probable.

The Washington Post published a devastating criticism of the press on the day following the meeting of the Western envoys with Premier Stalin. Instead of printing a Moscow dispatch, the *Post* carried its own story,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you can lift the thick "newsprint curtain" during the next two important months — for only $1

● How wide will be the repercussions of the recent "Red Spy" inquiries? Will they affect Truman's election chances? Can Dewey remain strong and silent or will he commit himself on the campaign issues? What are Wallace's plans? What steps will the Southern "Dixiecrats" take to create further confusion in the coming election battle? How much further can prices rise—before there's a blowup?



● NEW REPUBLIC's primary function—with a 34-year record to back it—is to take readers behind the news "Curtain" that shrouds these and other significant events and calmly expose the truth by considered analyses and opinion without pre-judgment. NEW REPUBLIC's national journalists and world news-spotters make sharp penetrations of the news and tell why things happen and give concise ideas of what may happen next.

● *Pass the word along to friends by giving them low-cost trial subscriptions of two full months of NEW REPUBLIC for only $1 each. If you're not already a subscriber, be sure to include yourself in the offer.*

NEW REPUBLIC, 40 East 49th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Send.....two-month subscriptions of New Republic at $1 each to:

Name ..... Name .....

Address ..... Address .....

City, Zone, State ..... City, Zone, State .....

Sent by .....

Address .....

I enclose $..... (Canadian & Foreign: $1.17 each.)

9/6/48

saying simply that the meeting had been held in the Kremlin. Then it reported the reports:

"Dispatches from Moscow indicated that the Western envoys were either optimistic or pessimistic, depending on the press association.

"The United Press quoted United States Ambassador Walter Bedell Smith as saying:

" 'I am never an optimist—I hope for the best and expect the worst.'

"The Associated Press quoted Smith as saying:

" 'We're always optimistic. We expect the best and prepare for the worst.'

"The correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* in Moscow quoted Smith as saying there probably would be another conference, and also: 'I hope for the best and expect the worst.'

"The Associated Press correspondent in Moscow said 'Smith appeared in a happy mood.'

"The United Press correspondent in Moscow said 'Smith was far less cheerful than he was yesterday when he was preparing for the conference.' The United Press correspondent said 'Britain's Frank Roberts showed obvious disappointment. French Ambassador Yves Chataigneau was glum.' The Associated Press described the 'apparent satisfaction' of the three envoys.

"Both services agreed that Stalin had served 'tea and cakes' during the record session."

Notes. The Gallup Poll showing that Truman could carry New York State if he could pick up all the Wallace votes there, took Washington political reporters by surprise. And it underlined the significance of Wallace as far as the electoral vote is concerned. . . . Southern supporters of Governor J. Strom Thurmond aren't asking how he stands on the TVA, housing, federal aid for education, etc, etc. Is opposition to one issue all that is required of a presidential candidate? . . . Economists who had said there would be a price drop by fall are now amending their statements.

Washington T. R. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOLUME 119, NUMBER 10, ISSUE 1762, NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1948

New Republic

THE WEEK

The New Look in Congress

THE 1948 congressional campaign has narrowed down, for the men in charge of the Republican and Democratic campaigns, to less than 100 Congressional Districts and perhaps half a dozen senatorial seats. Both Democrats and Republicans are concentrating on approximately 80 districts in 25 states which they agree may go either way. Both parties have a dozen or more extra "sleepers" among House districts on their private lists which the opposing party flatly refuses to recognize as being at all doubtful. The state in which the Republicans have the highest hope of gaining seats this year is California. The Democrats see the brightest chances for themselves in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Connecticut.

The hard-boiled professionals on the Democratic side privately admit that their only realistic hope for success this year is a long-shot chance of capturing the Senate. A change of only four seats would cost the Republicans control of the Upper House, and on paper the strategists can see that as a possibility. Of the 32 Senate seats up for election, the 14 now held by Democrats are considered safe for that party for another six years. Ten of the 18 now occupied by Republicans seem certain to remain in GOP control after November. The remaining eight (in Kentucky, Idaho, Illinois, New Jersey, Oklahoma, West Virginia, Minnesota and Wyoming) are not so sure. Of the eight, Illinois, Idaho, Minnesota and New Jersey, where there are to be Progressive Party candidates, afford the poorest prospects for Democratic gains. Oklahoma will almost certainly move over into the Democratic senatorial column. The Democratic job boils down to winning three out of the three seats in Kentucky, Wyoming and West Virginia.

Sixteen states have not yet held their primaries, and two states will have nominating conventions coming up. But it is already clear that the 81st Congress will have a new look when it convenes next January. Forty-seven members of the House and 10 Senators of the 80th Congress will not be reëlected. In most cases, however, this turnover is due to the fact that the incumbent did not run again, and is not the result of any uprising among the voters. Only 13 Representatives and two Senators up for reëlection have been defeated in the primaries. In most of these cases, too, personalities rather than issues were responsible. Practically all incumbents who have sought renomination on their records have been successful. Even if the Republicans retain control of both Houses in November, the primaries have already assured many changes in important policy positions. In the Senate, aging Arthur Capper (R, Kan.) is retiring, and George Aiken (R, Vt.) will inherit the Agriculture Committee chairmanship Capper has held for so many years. With Aiken moving to Agriculture, Homer Ferguson (R, Mich.), who prides himself on being the Senate's ace investigator, will assume the top spot in the Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments, a strategic place for a sleuth. With Wallace White's (R, Me.) retirement, Charles Tobey (R, N. H.) or Clyde Reed (R, Kan.) will be in line for the chairmanship of the important Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee.

In the House, isolationist Dewey Short (R, Mo.) moves to the head of the powerful Armed Services Committee, as the present chairman, Walter Andrews (R, N. Y.), retires. Perhaps most significant of all, Fred Hartley's (R, N. J.) withdrawal from Congress will leave the chairmanship of the House Committee on Education and Labor to either Gerald Landis (R, Ind.) or the prime labor baiter of the House, Clare Hoffman (R, Mich.). The voters of the Seventh Indiana Congressional District may have it in their power to determine a large part of US labor policy in the next two years. If they do not return Representative Landis in November, the labor chairmanship will probably fall to

What Solid South?

THOSE DEMOCRATIC leaders and election forecasters who brag that the Solid South is in the bag for Harry Truman may be unpleasantly surprised, if a poll recently taken by some Southern newspapers is as accurate as the big-league polls. The straw vote, conducted in Macon, Georgia; Spartanburg, South Carolina; and Tuscaloosa and Gadsden, Alabama, showed the following score as of this stage of the campaign:

	FOR THE DIXIECRATS	FOR THE DEMOCRATS	FOR THE REPUBLICANS	FOR THE PROGRESSIVES
Macon	1699	180	162	74
Spartanburg	730	483	43	40
Tuscaloosa	210	43	22	3
Gadsden	393	71	61	3
TOTAL	3032	777	288	120

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hoffman. Ten weeks before the election, the 81st Congress is beginning to take on an unappetizing look.

HOW TO LOSE AN ELECTION

Fighting among the liberals in New York's 31st Congressional District seems likely to assure the reëlection of one of the most reactionary Republican members of the House, Bernard W. ("Pat") Kearney, of Schenectady. Had the Wallace-party supporters in this district seen fit to support William Murphy, a Union College professor and a militant New Dealer, the story might be different.

The feeling in political circles in Schenectady before this campaign began was that Kearney could be beaten if a candidate could be found who would appeal to labor and also to a sizable portion of the middle-class, Republican votes. Professor Murphy was as surprised as anyone when the Democratic County Committee officially invited him to run for Congress. A former Harvard instructor, Murphy came to the Schenectady college in July, 1946, after three years in the Navy. He was not an enrolled Democrat. He had even been sympathetic to Henry Wallace's position on most matters and had been pictured with Wallace on the front page of the local paper.

Never dreaming he would have opposition from progressives, Murphy agreed to run. Then the trouble began. The local leadership of the American Labor Party, it developed, was not satisfied with Murphy's brand of liberalism. He had been publicly critical of the Administration's foreign policy, especially in Greece and China, but had refused to join the local branch of the third-party movement because, he said, he believed Russia and the United States equally responsible for the crisis in foreign affairs and "the leaders of the Wallace group felt that the United States was entirely to blame for everything." Murphy had also supported the economic-rehabilitation aspects of the Marshall Plan.

The ALP hastily called a meeting on the same evening on which the Democrats met to approve Murphy's nomination formally, and voted to support Andrew J. Peterson, president of Local 301 of the United Electrical Workers, CIO, as an independent Democratic candidate in the primaries.

After a bitter primary campaign, Murphy won the Democratic Party designation by the narrow margin of 190 votes out of 5,000 cast and will oppose Kearney in November. His defeat is likely, for Peterson is running on the ALP ticket and will almost certainly split the liberal vote. With the *UE News* as a medium and the political-action machinery of the union at his command, Peterson will have a big advantage over Murphy in reaching the important block of labor voters in the district. Political experts say that Peterson has no appeal for the large number of middle-class voters in the area and would have no chance of beating Kearney, even in a two-man race, but that if the ALP stayed out, Murphy might be able to win.

THE ILWU MEANS BUSINESS

SAN FRANCISCO (NR correspondent)

In San Francisco, CIO longshoremen and ship clerks stopped work from six p.m. one day until six p.m. the next day. The union men said they did it to attend a meeting where contract negotiations were under discussion. Employer spokesmen said the stoppage was called in "an attempt to demoralize the waterfront." They said unions didn't ordinarily quit work for 24 hours to attend a meeting. Other stoppages have occurred in Los Angeles and Portland.

FRASCONI

A three-day caucus called by Harry Bridges voted to reject the employers' final offer of a five-cent-an-hour raise and a non-union hiring hall, and to boycott the National Labor Relations Board balloting on that "final offer"—in accordance with the Taft-Hartley Act.

Harry Bridges, of the longshoremen, and Frank Foisie, president of the Waterfront Employers' Association, met privately, without any government men or mediators present, in an eleventh-hour attempt to see if something could be done along the traditional lines of man-to-man negotiations. A rumor came out of this that the employers were going to give up their fight to outlaw the hiring-hall system and accede to an earlier union suggestion that the hall be allowed to go along as it is, under union direction or control, until the courts determine its status.

The employers know that the hiring hall is the longshoremen's most precious possession. They have fought for it and gone hungry for it, and two of their number have died for it. Ordinary union members remember too well the days of the old gang-boss system of hiring, when the bosses played favorites, when they demanded and got kickbacks, when a longshoreman couldn't be sure of work when he went down to the docks, when one man might work all week and another man not work at all.

Union men are not going to give up on this point or yield ground. It's not a matter of politics or of following any "line." This is a question of living, of eating and surviving. Any settlement would have to include the union's hiring-hall demands, but the union says that settlement of this issue alone will not prevent the strike or end it after it has begun.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The strike will proceed," the ILWU says, "until settlement is reached on the union's basic demands, which include wages, time off, vacations, safety, contract coverage and other important matters." The important matters would include the hiring hall.

AVC INTO THE WHIRLPOOL

The dilemma that must confront all truly liberal organizations today was limned rather sharply the other night at a hearing to expel John Gates, editor of the *Daily Worker,* from membership in the American Veterans Committee. The AVC found itself inevitably in the same boat with certain 100-percenters who first espoused President Truman's Loyalty Order and then found it not too difficult to hurdle the barrier from middle-of-the-road to "right."

This is not to say that the AVC proclaimed its intention of joining in witch-hunts, Red-baiting and in pursuit of the pale herring that thus far has been served up by the Un-American Activities Committee as good, red espionage. Its National Administrative Council, avowedly long critical of the techniques of character assassination and denial of due process of law by the Thomas committee, approached the matter gingerly.

It had happened that two AVC members had charged Gates with membership in the Communist Party —an organization whose principles are "inconsistent" with those of the AVC constitution. Moreover, the Council had resolved that any Communist Party member (who is also an AVC member) "is thereby engaged in acts inimical to the interests" of the AVC and should be ousted.

To reach the heart of the matter quickly, the Council had prepared a statement indicating that the hearing for Gates would be limited to: (1) determination *pro forma* whether Gates is in fact a CP member; and (2) an opportunity for Gates "to present such argument as he deems necessary or desirable."

The Council then became involved in the circumlocutions of a six-hour debate, which at times meandered into parched ideological pastures.

The hearing went on for five and a half hours in the steamy banquet room of a small hotel, and most of the 150 young men and women members of the AVC stuck it out. Little doubt was left as to the group's convictions. They noisily applauded Gates and his brash, brilliant counsel, Morris Pottish, a 41-year-old, slim, youngish-looking New Yorker, who may be the Lee Pressman of tomorrow. They frequently interrupted and loudly derided all attempts by the Board to restrain him.

Acting chairman, though not a lawyer, was Joseph A. Clorety, 36, former economist with the Labor Department's Bureau of Labor Statistics. The others were: Kenneth M. Birkhead, 32, son of Dr. L. M. Birkhead, Friends of Democracy leader, and himself co-author with John Roy Carlson of *The Plotters;* Robert R. Nathan, 39, author of the famed "Nathan Report" economic analysis for the CIO, and erstwhile White House aide under President Franklin D. Roosevelt; Michael Straight, 31, editor and publisher of the *New Republic;* and Bernie Bellush, Hunter College history teacher and an authority on Eugene V. Debs.

These individuals could hardly be described as reactionary or even conservative, yet the audience treated them as they might have a congressional committee.

It is an open secret that the AVC was a growing, harmonious organization until 1945, when the Communists decided to abandon their memberships in the other veterans' groups and join it. Although Gates repeatedly and expressly refused to answer the question whether he was a member of "the Communist Party of the United States of America," he remarked: "I don't mind saying that I do consider myself an expert on the Communist Party."

Gates himself seemed at times the least important person in the room. Even he felt that way about it. At one point he urged the Board to remember that he was John Gates, a person, and not an ideological symbol.

It was in some ways a heartening example of democracy in action. Complex philosophical differences received an airing, though no immediate solution seemed possible. For while the defendant acknowledged that he supported ultimately the upset of the status quo through revolution, he insisted in the same breath that for the moment he abided by AVC principles.

Liberals remained perplexed. But John Gates had his trial by jury. Pottish objected, of course, when the hearing was declared closed, but he was given an opportunity to file briefs before September 10. The AVC's planning committee will receive the Board's recommendations around the 17th or 18th, and decision will be taken before the next quarterly AVC meeting in Washington this November.

MORRIS L. KAPLAN

CANON FERRY DAM

HELENA (NR correspondent)

The power lobby is now going beyond merely blocking public-power projects. Time after time the power companies persuaded the 80th Congress to cut public-power appropriations to the bone. But in the case of the Cañon Ferry Dam, the power boys have outdone themselves. Here the Montana Power Company forced the government out of the power business and arranged it so that the government is supposed to build a dam for the company instead.

In 1944, Congress authorized construction of a $25 million dam at Cañon Ferry on the Missouri River mainly for the purpose of producing power but also for irrigation. This year, with plans complete and preliminary work done, the Department of Interior asked Congress for funds to begin the actual building of the dam. Three million dollars was appropriated, but only after representatives of the Montana Power Company had appeared before the proper Senate and House committees and persuaded Senator

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kenneth Wherry (R, Neb.) and Representative Ben Jensen (R, Iowa) to tack a rider onto the appropriations bill prohibiting the use of any of the funds for power facilities or transmission lines, allowing only for the building of the dam itself.

Montana Power wants the government to build the dam and sell it the falling water so that the company can build its own power plants and preserve its monopoly over Montana. Interior turned down $300,000 a year for 40 years for such a deal before the company took its case to Congress.

The original bill authorizing Cañon Ferry specified that its main purpose was the production of power. The appropriations bill passed by the 80th Congress specifies that no funds shall go into power facilities. Rather than build a dam merely for the private benefit of Montana Power, the Interior Department may stop the whole operation. After all, Congress only authorized a dam at Cañon Ferry. It did not direct Interior to build it.

ATOMIC PROFITS

DENVER (NR correspondent)

For years, miners in western Colorado and eastern Utah have sold carnotite ore to the Vanadium Corporation of America and the US Vanadium Corporation, and have been paid for the vanadium content alone. The ore also contained radium and uranium, until recently considered waste by-products. These two big firms, which have been indicted by the US Government for monopoly and price fixing, were the miners' only market.

Early in the war, the government began buying uranium at good prices. The two corporations began extracting uranium as well as vanadium, used for a steel alloy, but continued to pay the miners on the old basis. The miners knew about this, but the super-secrecy of the atom-bomb project kept them from getting information.

After the war, the firms still refused to pay anything for the uranium content, which was often more valuable than that of the vanadium.

This helps to explain why the Atomic Energy Commission is getting so little coöperation from miners in its search for new uranium sources. The AEC has offered $10,000 for the discovery of new deposits or the reopening of old ones. It has bought uranium processing mills, set up purchasing depots and offered to pay certain transportation costs. But the miners got so badly burned during the war by the Vanadium Corporation and US Vanadium that they are shy about uranium now.

BECK AND THE CLERKS

SEATTLE (NR correspondent)

Dave Beck is in trouble. For the first time in years, the absolute control of the czar of the AFL Teamsters is being seriously challenged in his home city. Five Seattle locals of the Retail Clerks International Association which have been held captive by Dave Beck since 1937 have dramatically declared their independence of him and his union.

While Beck was away from town, seven International representatives of the Retail Clerks arrived in Seattle to help the local rank and file depose their leaders, all but one of whom were ex-Teamsters who had been appointed by Beck. Seven trouble shooters, headed by tough ex-Teamster Cecil Dunlap, were acting under orders from the top command of the clerks' union which had long been fed up with the situation in Seattle. Now, with Beck being harassed by the rest of local labor for his strike-breaking activities at the Boeing Airplane Company, the clerks were ready to move.

Dunlap, who was familiar with Beck's methods, said he had evidence to prove that the Beck appointees had, in past years, rigged votes on important issues. The latest finagling, he alleged, had been on a secret vote by Seattle department-store clerks on a weekly wage-increase offer of $2.50 for women and $3 for men. Twice the clerks had overwhelmingly rejected the offer by a voice vote, but when it was put to a secret ballot, the vote was 940 to 222 to accept. Dunlap said that the ballot had been conducted in an entirely illegal manner. The increase, which was substantially less than boosts being won by retail clerks nationally, brought Seattle department-store wages to a weekly average of $28.50 for women and $37.50 for men. (A survey made by the Washington State Department of Labor and Industries last winter determined that the minimum weekly wage needed by a single woman was $38.63.)

Beck cut his vacation short and flew back to town when the international union's representatives started action to get possession of the locals' records. He hastily distributed a counter-propaganda pamphlet and tried to persuade his friends of the local press to keep news of the insurrection out of the papers. Seattle's two dailies have printed the story, but they have consistently played it down as much as possible. However, retail clerks throughout the rest of the Pacific Northwest are watching the Seattle developments as their own situations grow more tense. At Vancouver, Washington, they have been on the bricks two months. Last week in nearby Tacoma, the clerks' local shut down seven department stores, Beck-be-damned.

Since the Teamsters' boss organized the Seattle clerks 11 years ago, his hand-picked officers have made many of what the clerks consider "sweetheart" wage agreements with department-store and specialty-shop employers. This set a low wage pattern for retail clerks in the Northwest. Now, with the International apparently willing to tackle Beck, the clerks may get a break at last.

DAY OF GLORY

PARIS (NR correspondent)

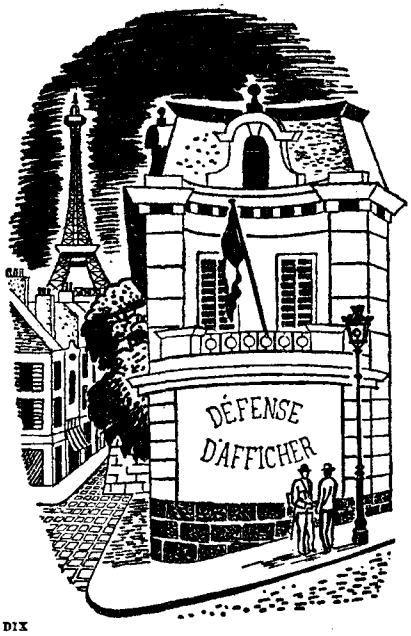
During the third week of August, 1944, when the American armies were advancing toward Paris, the Parisians rose against the Germans and liberated their beloved city. It was a week of horror and heroism, of terror and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of glory. Those GI's who arrived in Paris during "the glorious days" will always remember the emotion that gripped the city and all its inhabitants. They must have felt that the experience would be an unforgettable one for the Parisians, too. Well, they were wrong. This year, Sunday, August 22, was chosen by the Municipal Council as the day for the official and popular celebration of the fourth anniversary of the liberation. It is good that the Americans who were here in August, 1944, were not here on August 22, 1948—they would have been unhappy. But it is a pity that some of the Americans who think of France as the sturdy bulwark of the West against the East, who count on the Parisians to remember the past and if need be to repeat it, were not here.

It was a gray day with autumnal skies, chill winds and flurries of rain. Expecting mass demonstrations of the sort I had seen on gloomier, colder, wetter and windier days in November during Armistice celebrations in the 1920's, I rose early and toured the city by autobus from Montparnasse to Montmartre, from the Place de la Nation, the Bastille and the Place de la République to the Etoile. Never have I seen the streets more deserted, the city emptier, more melancholy in appearance and mood. At ten o'clock I was standing at the corner of the Rue Royale and the Rue St. Honoré when from a distance I heard music. A fife and drum corps, preceded by about a dozen men carrying flags, was advancing through the Rue St. Honoré toward me. Two other men, both tourists, watched with me. Otherwise not a single person was in sight. The marchers turned into the Rue St. Florentin and now I could see that the whole procession included no more than thirty or forty persons—the musicians, the flag-bearers, a group of men with floppy berets and FFI armbands, a half-dozen men in uniform, a few women.

At the wall flanking the Place de la Concorde, the procession came to a stop in front of nine marble plaques commemorating the eight men and one woman who were killed in an unequal battle with German troops on August 25, 1944. The marchers stopped. Passers-by, nearly all tourists, also stopped. The men in berets knelt. The flags were dipped. A bugle played taps, its thinner tones drowned by the backfire of a passing autobus which did not stop. Then the flags were furled. The celebration was over.



DIX

There were several of these celebrations. But at eleven o'clock I stood at the commemorative plaque under the Arch of Triumph in front of the Eternal Flame and there was no celebration. There were no Frenchmen present at all except the official caretakers, policemen and guides shepherding tourists from sightseeing buses to the elevator which would take them to the top of the Arch. They would see a Paris somewhat different from the one Hitler saw from the Eiffel Tower in 1940, a Paris free, but tired and indifferent.

A half-hour later, at 11:30, Pierre de Gaulle, mayor of Paris and brother of the general who still believes the French want glory and grandeur, received the Committee of Action of the Resistance. He made a speech in which he said he regretted being forced to see how the people of Paris had "lost their memory of the great events of the liberation of Paris, which were the prelude of the victory of May, 1945." He had been told of the lack of attendance and of enthusiasm at the morning's most "solemn" observance: a group of flame bearers had marched from Mont Valerian to the Arch of Triumph, the Concorde and the main boulevards to the Place Stalingrad, where they stood around the "liberation-victory" tree while a police band played military marches.

All over Paris, the municipality had put up clumps of flags, in each case French ones flanking those of the three great allies, the American in the center, the Soviet on its right, the British on its left. I saw at least a half-dozen clumps with the red and gold-yellow hammer and sickle of the Soviets neatly folded out of sight.

At the City Hall ceremony, a speech also was made by General Cochet, president of the Committee of Action of the Resistance. He said it was the duty of the men of the Resistance to "turn toward the country," and "mark a very clear division between those who chose to collaborate with the enemy and those who kept all their faith in the destiny of the fatherland."

In the afternoon I retraced my itinerary through the city, and it seemed that it was an "occupied city"—nearly all the persons in sight were foreigners—and that the Parisians didn't care.

P. W.

HELP FOR SMALL BUSINESS

The Truman Administration is developing a new strategy for dealing with monopoly. In place of arrests under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the Department of Justice now plans to prevent violations by posting "warning" signs and "detour" arrows along the way.

The Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department has been holding joint meetings with the Federal Trade Commission, congressional leaders and government field agents to work out the details of the new policy. Their conclusion is to seek new ways to aid small business, instead of pursuing the trust-busting tactics of the New Deal.

Assistant Attorney General Herbert A. Bergson, chief of the Anti-Trust Division, told the group that the most

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

serious immediate threat to small business is the shortage of raw materials, particularly in those industries where large manufacturers have succeeded in monopolizing the sources of supply and eliminating independent distribution outlets. Most of the complaints to the Justice Department, he said, have been in the field of supply. The problem can be eased, Anti-Trust officials believe, by speeding investigations so that businessmen, faced with supply and price problems, can take their cases to court without delay.

James E. Murray (D, Mont.), former chairman of the Senate Small Business Committee, told the conference that the real blame is on the 80th Congress for "talking small business but not voting small business." Last session, the Senator pointed out, "the professed friends of small business" voted for curtailment of the appropriations for the Anti-Trust Division and for abolition of the Small Business Unit of the Department of Commerce (which had maintained 77 field offices in the country, providing advice and direction to small business concerns). It voted against amendments to the tax bill providing exemptions for small business concerns, not to exceed $10,000 in any year, where the money is used for expansion or modernization.

The anti-trust agencies in the administrative branch of the government have been left with power to do little else but "negotiate" to stop the growing concentration of economic power. Perhaps as much will be accomplished by the new policy of persuasion as by any other method now available. A toothless watchdog does about as well with his bark as his bite. In this election year, the Administration is apparently determined that at least there will be plenty of barking.

ELECTION EVE IN GEORGIA

ATLANTA (NR correspondent)

Those Georgians who can't abide Herman Talmadge watched the woolhatters and bed-sheeters closely last week in apprehension that a race riot might be deliberately provoked to assure a Talmadge victory in the September 8 gubernatorial primary.

The resurgent Ku Klux Klan, which has long regarded the election of Talmadge as its main job in '48, has made good its goal of an active klavern in each of Georgia's 159 counties. The mass Klan initiation on Stone Mountain on July 23 was attended by 10,000, nearly half of them active members. A follow-up demonstration in Rossville on August 21 drew another crowd of 7,000.

The KKK has in recent months staged over a dozen masked parades and cross-burnings the night before county contests. Innovations consisted of Klan propaganda dropped from airplanes over the Negro sections of Columbus, small white coffins labeled "KKK" left on Negroes' porches at Swainsboro and Sandersville, and scorched bits of paper mailed to Mt. Vernon Negroes, reading: "U beter stay at work tomorro—kkk."

Most of the crosses have been burned on courthouse lawns. One of them bore a placard: "This cross burned with county fuel oil." Effectiveness has ranged as high as 100 percent: at Wrightsville not one of the 400 registered Negroes dared to vote, although the Negro population of that county is 4,500.

Concurrently with the KKK's terror campaign, Talmadge registrars purged Negro voters from the lists on such grounds as "bad character." One, upon being pinned down, admitted he had challenged the Negroes on the basis of their "bad handwriting." In some counties as many as 1,300 Negro registrants were stricken from the rolls at a time. Soon the statewide total passed 20,000. It was finally halted after former Assistant Attorney General Dan Duke (who had handled the Klan and Columbian prosecutions) filed suit on behalf of eight clients for a half-million dollars.

In the supposed secrecy of the Klan klaverns it is being said that if Talmadge wins, "no Negro will ever vote in a Georgia Democratic primary again." Talmadge himself has said publicly, "Frankly, the people of Georgia do not have too much confidence in the Supreme Court. If we can't have a lily-white primary, we want it as white as we can get it."

LOBBY CONTROL

Lobbyists in Washington, who have spent millions to back and buck legislation before Congress, are more than a little worried about Attorney General Tom Clark's new move to tighten lobby regulations. Clark has strengthened enforcement of the Lobbyist Registration Act of 1946 by transferring a special Justice Department lobby section to the Criminal Division, as a permanent fixture. The result of this policy will be known during the next few months when the Justice Department, which has had the coöperation of the FBI during lobby investigations, moves for indictments against groups which exerted undercover pressure on the 80th Congress.

The new lobby section will be headed by Alexander M. Campbell, who replaces Clark's special assistant Irving R. Kaufman, who resigned as head of the special lobby unit. Kaufman's report to the Attorney General, not yet made public, calls lobbying a "multi-million-dollar enterprise . . . so colossal and so intimately related to the legislative process [that it] is properly the concern of Congress."

Under Kaufman, the lobby unit has already indicted four men: two agriculture commissioners, J. E. McDonald of Texas and Tom Linder of Georgia; Robert M. Harriss, senior partner of the largest cotton brokerage firm in New York; and Ralph Moore, of the National Farm Committee and the Farm Commissioner's Council. There are indications that more indictments will be sought against shipowners and ship-building interests.

That lobbying is "big business" is evident in the financial reports filed under the terms of the act. For the first six months of this year, 218 organizations filed financial reports totaling $3,463,315. Oil interests spent approximately $70,000 on lobbying

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against federal control of tidelands oil. The railroads' successful campaign to pass the Reed-Bulwinkle bill, exempting the railroads from anti-trust regulation, cost them about $133,000. Housing interests, the National Association of Home Builders and the National Association of Real Estate Boards, reported expenditures of approximately $200,000 in fighting the Taft-Ellender-Wagner long-range housing bill and other building-control measures. The highest individual salary reported by a lobbyist is that of Purcell L. Smith, who gets $65,000 a year from the National Association of Electric Companies.

Loopholes in the lobbying act are now being studied by the new lobby-control division. Groups have protested that, while they maintain a representative in Washington, his primary job is not to influence legislation and so he should not be forced to file under the Lobbying Act. The Justice Department, however, thinks that any person or organization interested in passing or defeating legislation should register. The National Association of Manufacturers, for example, reported chief lobbyist Paul T. Truitt's expenses, but not his $18,000 annual salary. Kaufman pointed out that the present provision does not require reporting contributions of less than $500 for lobbying purposes and, as a result, some organizations are limiting individual contributions to $490. He urged in his final report that the act be strengthened at the earliest date.

Democratic National Chairman Senator J. Howard McGrath (D, R. I.) introduced a bill on July 28 that would require all persons and organizations registered as lobbyists to file statements every Monday. The statements would include money spent during the previous week on lobbying, the subject discussed and the course of action urged on congressmen. With the problem of funds for the fall campaign very much on their minds, the Republicans saw no merit in assuming any such suspicious attitude toward their friends. McGrath plans to give them another chance to pass his bill in the new Congress.

SOCIALISM, MY AUNT!

In the Scottish border country they prefer to leave the brave new world's modern plumbing to those who like it

by Thomas Whiteside

"MONSTROUS!" cried the old gentleman sitting across from me in the English railway carriage. He was speaking, of course, of the British Labor Government.

We had been traveling alone in the same compartment for scarcely four hours before he brought the subject up. Previously, the old gentleman, who wore a brown tweed cap and plus fours, had been reading the *Daily Telegraph* and minding his own business while I watched the English countryside stagger by, but I had finally broken things up by suggesting that the train was a bit late. "Never on time," he growled. "Socialism." Then he leaned back and continued with his *Telegraph*. A few more miles passed by. The old gentleman suddenly put down his paper and stared at me intently.

"You know what the Socialists have done," he rasped, "with those new railway carriages they're building?"

"No," I said.

The old gentleman was red in the face. "I'll tell you. *They've stopped painting 'Third Class' on the doors of the third-class compartments!* They mark only the first-class compartments! Class warfare it's come to, I tell you—*class warfare!*"

The Scottish border country, to which the above-described old gentleman was going, is one area of Britain that remains pretty much the same as it ever was, and where, socialism or no socialism, people don't care for change. And, by and large, nothing can be done about it.

In the little village of Paxton, in Berwickshire—containing some 100 souls—there was quite an upset during my recent visit. The problem was related to me by Mrs. Fuller, the village's retired storekeeper, who had herself been in trouble over the matter of selling lemonade on the Sabbath. It seems that some government officials had visited Paxton to inquire whether the inhabitants wished a water system to be installed.

At present, Paxton people, some of whom still have their windows walled in as an enduring protest against the royal tax on windows (discontinued some 100 years ago), get their water from the village pump, an ancient, wheezy affair stuffed with straw, which still freezes in winter. So aghast were many of the villagers at the very idea of a new-fangled system of pipes, a socialist move to threaten their pump, that the government men left in despair and probably won't come back.

I encountered pretty much the same problem with an aunt of mine who lives in the tiny village of Drigg, Cumberland. The subject this time, and a very touchy one, was heating. Because of the minute coal rations, my aunt can heat only about three square yards of her kitchen with her fireplace-grate. The other rooms in her cottage are stone-cold in winter, which in Cumberland extends over almost the entire year.

I sat up half one night trying to explain the disadvantages of this to my aunt (she wouldn't accept my definition of cold as applying to the bedrooms: "I have a hot water bottle for the bed," she said calmly) and the counter-advantages of an American

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAWINGS BY R. OSBORN

stove, which, with a pipe extension, would make the whole house comfortable. I pointed out that 90 percent of the warmth from her coal fire went straight up the chimney, and assured her that she could properly heat her house on less fuel than she was consuming to warm a mere three square yards.

My aunt listened with the utmost patience. "A very good idea," she said quietly, when I had finished. "But I don't think I will have anything to do with it. You see, I *like* my grate." Then she picked the kettle off the hob and made me a cup of tea.

I had no greater success in the realm of weather. This time I was up against the Drigg Parish Council, a collection of men so incredibly solemn and dusty that even my aunt won't attend their meetings. For at least 25 years the inhabitants of Drigg have been complaining of standing in pouring rain (it always rains in Drigg) for the local bus, which takes its own time. To alleviate this situation, I drew up a petition for presentation to the Parish Council, recounting the history of drenched souls and the threat of pneumonia, and calling for the erection of a wooden bus shelter, to cost $25. I left shortly afterwards, but word came back that the scheme had been rejected as impractical. "We get used to it," remarked one villager of the torrents.

It was useless to suggest that the District Council tap the Cumberland Fells, or small mountain streams, for electrical power (very few houses indeed have electricity). Similar schemes have already been rejected in the past on the ground that the erection of a dam might spoil the appearance of the mountains.

My aunt is convinced that the best guarantee of limiting such indecent encroachments upon the peaceful life of the Lake district is the downfall of the Labor Government. Occasionally she goes up to the attic and inspects her Union Jack, which she plans to fly from her upper window the day the Socialists are thrown out of office. But time is working against her. Even now thousands of strangers are invading the district with caterpillar tractors and loads of steel and concrete to erect an atomic-energy plant. Prefabricated houses are going up on rich farmland; MI-5 (security) agents wearing burberrys and pipes are peeping through hedges for spies.

The old peaceful life may turn out to be only a temporary respite before the big change-over. As an atomic scientist in the district remarked to me: "Why bother about constructing dams? We may as well wait until we begin supplying power for the whole area from the uranium pile." Until that day, the people of Drigg will continue uneasily with strictly non-fissionable fuel such as coal and kerosene.

These days the country squire is also under considerable strain from the inroads of new ideas. Socialism is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

squeezing him out of business on the old scale, not through any specific program of land reform, but merely through taxes. Some of the old gentry are even reduced to carrying on with only four gardeners, where previously, as a gloomy squire just back from a warm sunning in the soft-currency area of the West Indies observed bitterly, they had at least a dozen.

Death taxes are almost as shocking as death itself. When in rapid succession two elder members of a landed family die or, as the villagers delicately put it, are "away," the results are catastrophic to the splendid estates they maintained. I know of one such estate where the last remaining duke was forced, on the demise of his elder brother, to dispose of some 10,000 acres of tenant farms in order to meet the demands of His Majesty's Treasury. This left him in a very sad frame of mind and with a mere 50,000 acres, including his castle and racing stables.

Most of the tenant farmers I visited in the Scottish border country, however, seemed happy enough with the prevailing system of land tenure, usually involving 99-year leases which, upon expiration, return the land to the squire, duke or laird. The fact that these lands have often been worked by tenant families for 200 years, during which time the acreage could have been paid for ten times over, seems not to worry them. The only items called into question are fairly minor. One farmer wants to put up a new barn. He asks permission from the laird through his factor. The laird is willing, provided the tenant pays half the cost and signs the barn over to his master.

Some farmers find this a bit thick. Others prefer not to have the responsibility of running their own farms; they would rather have their landlords as creditors than the banks. One farmer proclaimed his idea of heaven: "A full crop, a good wife and a low rent." He wouldn't dream of owning his own place.

I made the dire mistake of suggesting, after one Ayrshire farmer had described the size of the salmon in the river running through his farm, that I might go down that very night and do a bit of fishing. "Wad ye hae me in jail?" he asked in amazement. "The laird has leased out the fishing rights to a gentleman. I wouldna dare fish there meself."

We later set off to inspect the laird's house. The laird wasn't there; he hadn't been near his property for years, preferring the cozier life of a watering place in the south of England. Inside, his mansion was green with dry-rot. Floorboards gave way underfoot, rats were everywhere, and on the walls paintings and Elizabethan scrolls hung moldy with damp. The laird carefully extracts his rent by remote control. His factor does all the work. "Ye dinna keep a dog and do the barking yersel'," remarked the factor of this state of affairs.

The tenant-farmer system is weird enough, but I began to get really confused by the fact that people in Scotland often build houses on property they don't own. They *buy* the land, but they don't own it, for they have to pay their landlords annual "feu" duties, a kind of additional rent, which is laboriously computed in terms of poles, perches and roods.

The whole system so staggered me that I determined to seek out one of the big landlords in the border area and demand to know how he rationalized the continuance of this feudal system. Finally I settled on Sir Charles Trevelyan, Lord Lieutenant of Northumberland, master of some 15,000 acres and very big game indeed. As Lord Lieutenant, Sir Charles is the King's representative in Northumberland; in fact, he *is* the king in the county.

I had great difficulty persuading a local farmer, with whom I had been staying, to drive me over to the Lord Lieutenant's estate unannounced.

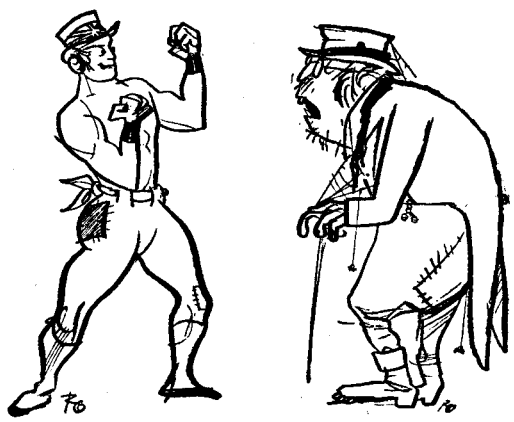
"Ye canna be serious!" he said in amazement when I explained my scheme. I said I was. "Ye canna see him in person," he said. "You must talk to his factor." I asked him why I couldn't see Sir Charles in person.

"Because, man, don't you see, he's *Sir Charles!*" cried my farmer friend, appalled by such presumption.

Finally I got him to drive me over. He wanted to stop at the outer gates (the aristocracy might not care to have their beautiful driveways cluttered up with common farmers), but I made him roll right up to the enormous mansion. I hopped out and spied a white-haired old gentleman, dressed in an old-fashioned belted jacket and knickerbockers, something after the style of George Bernard Shaw. I approached and said I was looking for Sir Charles Trevelyan. "I'm Sir Charles," barked the old gentleman impatiently, pawing the ground like a race horse.

I explained who I was and told him cautiously that I wanted to make inquiries of him as to the distribution of land in the district. The Lord Lieutenant took it all with surprising mildness and invited me back for lunch the next Monday. After introducing my farmer friend, who fairly perspired with awe as he shook the aristocrat's hand, I left to prepare some nasty questions about feudal land systems.

I arrived back the next Monday on time, primed for a warm session. I'm sorry to say that it all fell rather flat, and I won't bother to repeat the conversation. The Lord Lieutenant of Northumberland proved to be a red-hot Socialist who has turned over his mansion and his 15,000 acres to the National Trust, because he believes in the nationalization of land.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLACK, GRAY, PINK AND RED

Italy's political complexion is many-colored and constantly changing in the sickly postwar climate

by Percy Winner

ROME

A VERY LARGE NUMBER of members of the CGIL—the Italian General Confederation of Labor, which is comparable to the AFL and the CIO put together—voted in the national election last spring for Premier Alcide de-Gasperi and his pro-American, pro-Vatican Christian Democratic Party. The same CGIL members now take a stand against de Gasperi and other pro-American, pro-Vatican political leaders on issues involving future relations between the two political parties closest to the working class—the Socialists and the Communists. An overwhelming majority of working men is resisting both de Gasperi's effort to split the CGIL and Giuseppe Saragat's effort to break the ties between the Socialists and Communists.

The men who voted pro-American and now seem anti-American haven't changed their minds. There is a simple explanation of the apparent contradiction and it isn't really political: it is economic. Workers voted pro-American because they wanted to get US help; the prospect of ECA supplies and money meant the promise of food and jobs. Now that they have the food and some jobs (though unemployment is mounting from 2.5 million toward 3 million), they fear that a final, irrevocable split between the Socialists and Communists will lead toward jeopardizing their food and jobs: a Socialist Party divorced from the Communists might be at the mercy of the right-wing element within the dominant Christian Democratic Party. Moreover, the Communists, without the brake on their extremism exercised by the connection with the Socialists, might try again in the late fall and winter to carry out another series of paralyzing strikes or even a "cold putsch."

To an observer who knows this country intimately and who returns here from the US for the first time since the liberation, one contrast with the US is striking: the rank and file not only in labor but in the population as a whole, in all classes except for the very rich and the political professionals, is neither internationally nor politically minded. Not once during the Moscow talks on the Berlin crisis has the news which screams from the front pages of American newspapers been given better than secondary headlines here. The world political situation, indeed the most dangerous episodes of the "cold war," are the subject of the traditional Italian jokes of the sort that flourished not only under Fascism but during the long centuries of various other kinds of tyranny. In cafés, restaurants, on the streets, in private homes, one seldom hears serious and thoughtful conversation about the danger of war.

It's not that the Italians don't expect war. They do. It's that, in their fatalistic way, they are resigned to it. They've "had it" and, to judge from the way they talk, they no longer can get passionately interested. Of course, very rich men feel differently. The other night I was present at a dinner party with Count Armenise, a man worth millions of dollars, who owns *Il Giornale d'Italia* and other newspapers and magazines, great tracts of land, a bank with branches all over the country, and mines and factories.

"You have to fight the war," he said, and the "you" was typical of all conversations with Italians on the subject of war—it is always "you"—the Americans—who will fight. "You will fight and win," the Count went on. "Then capitalism will have a century of respite through the exploitation of the vast terra Sovietica."

One of the current jokes was told to me by an old Roman waiter in a trattoria in Trastevere, the poor neighborhood on the other side of the Tiber, near Vatican City. "It's a strange thing about the English language," he said as he poured pale-yellow Frascati wine from a wide-mouthed carafe. "You write one thing and you say another thing. For example, you write the word London, then you pronounce it Washington."

Another was told to me when I stood in the Piazza Venezia looking up at the balcony from which Mussolini used to speak. A man pointed to a passing autobus, a number MB, and said, "The whole story is up there on the sign on the autobus." I read "Piazza Indipendenza-Piazza San Pietro." The bus ran from Independence Square to St. Peter's Square. The point was that the Vatican now controls Italy.

In a sense, the story is apt. Since its victory in the election, the Christian Democratic Party, whose leaders are very close to the Holy See, does run the country; and though there is freedom, the mechanics of the operation in specifically political terms aren't much different from what they were under Fascism. A huge, an overwhelming, proportion of the whole population neither participates in political life nor cares to. Civil liberties exist,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but the social and economic structures are as feudal as they ever were. Practically no one pays taxes, or at least makes more than token payments, but in effect this means that the rich don't pay, since the poor do in the form of indirect taxes on all sorts of consumer goods.

The great problems of post-Fascism are the same ones that existed before and during Fascism: (1) lack of raw materials and of adequate food; (2) an excess population, which increases 400,000 yearly (between 2.5 and 3 million Italians should emigrate to give the rest a chance to live decently); (3) the presence of large amounts of private capital but the unwillingness of the government, because of its connections in high places, to force investment in a manner to improve the standard of living and to increase useful productivity; (4) the antedated and anti-progressive socio-economic system which is not only unjust, anachronistic and inefficient but which defeats itself, creating totally unnecessary problems for a professedly modern republican democracy; (5) the dominant influence of reactionary elements in the Vatican who in the name of anti-communism really perpetuate social and economic evils for fear that a true democracy would escape from the control of the pro-Vatican landowners and industrialists.

Under these circumstances, the future of Italy does not seem to be that of the dreams of the anti-Fascists. On the contrary, the choice appears to be between two different types of Vatican-influenced systems. The MSI (Italian Social Movement) and other almost openly pro-Fascist parties don't count; they live in the past and haven't the strength or the skill to stage a come-back. But the "black" faction which dominates the Christian Democratic Party would like to see a form of government strongly resembling Franco's in Spain. The less strong but increasingly active "gray" faction would like to see something like the mild clerical dictatorship of Salazar in Portugal.

Of course, in either case it would be a group, a faction, a small oligarchy, rather than a single man, who would run things. Giovanni Gronchi, who maneuvers the lower house of the legislature with the skill of a master parliamentarian, is of the "gray" faction. Support for this element of the Democristiani (Christian Democrats) is being built up by the important national Vatican organization, the Azione Catolica (Catholic Action), which is functioning as a mildly leftist faction within the ruling party. The idea is to steal from the Communists what some thoughtful men at the Vatican consider to be the strongest appeal of the Moscow followers. This is an ideological, messianic, religious sponsorship of social justice and economic improvement for the masses, both in the industrial towns and on the land.

The Catholic Action bases itself on the famous encyclical, "Of New Things," of Pope Leo XIII, and on the encyclical, "The Fortieth Year," of Pope Pius XI. The first of these, issued a little more than a half-century ago, broke with Vatican tradition to discuss the aspirations of labor and to pronounce a doctrine of social justice.

Naturally, the "gray" faction tries to win labor, and this effort is being stepped up at present because of what is called here "the crisis of Socialism," following the formal dissolution some days ago of the Popular Front linking the Nenni Socialists and the Communists. No one—least of all the Socialists themselves—denies that such a crisis exists. Most Socialists believe it will be weathered without the ultimate disaster of fragmentation of the party—already there are four distinct factions in existence. Or rather, it would be more accurate to say that they hope so. The Vatican hopes differently; and many independent observers tend to believe that the effectiveness of any sort of "Third Force" may be doomed.

The formal divorce between the Nenni Socialists and the Communists was decided at a meeting here of the Executive Committees of the two parties, one headed by Alberto Iacometti, the other by Luigi Longo. It was decided that the two parties, while entirely independent in action and policy, would consult each other on important issues of mutual interest; and a pact to this effect was signed. In connection with the new relationship, an agreement was made to consider the possibility of creating a "Republican alliance."

This would be a species of a super-Popular Front but without having the complete merger of the component elements as existed in the one just abandoned. The scheme was acceptable to the Socialists because it foresaw the possibility of getting the active cooperation of vaguely-leftist democrats, left-wing liberals, anti-clericals, and others who might go along with a strong, broadly-based leftist coalition on condition that there be no direct link with the Communists of the sort

DRAWINGS BY JEROME SNYDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that might cost liberty of action and play directly into the hands of Moscow.

The reasons for the acquiescence of the Communists aren't quite so clear. First of all, orders came from Moscow to follow the "new line" (already in effect in all the Soviet satellite countries except Yugoslavia) of independence and closed-rank toughness. Second, as political realists, the Italian Communists wanted an open break, since in the elections they gained votes while their Socialist allies lost them. Finally, as far-sighted opportunists, the Italian Communists may have decided to let their former allies build a broader-based Republican alliance in the expectation that some time in the future they, the Communists, might be able to "capture" that as they had the Nenni Socialists in the past.

Of course, the formal divorce of the Nenni Socialists and Communists was good news to Saragat, the leader of the anti-Soviet Socialists. He thought he saw in the project of a Republican alliance an opportunity for himself and his followers. At once, he suggested another project—a Socialist alliance to merge all the Socialist factions and all the liberal elements foreseen as parts of the Republican alliance, but without the Communists. As a practical first step, he suggested the convocation of a Socialist constituent assembly to draft a new constitution for the Socialist Party as a whole. An article setting forth these ideas, signed by Deputy I. M. Lombardo, was published in Saragat's newspaper, the *Umanita* of Milan. In this he said a letter he had previously sent to the executive committee of the Socialist Party was a formal document, drawn up and agreed to collectively by the executive committee of Saragat's Union of Socialists. Lombardo's article explained:

> Substantially this amounts to a first step toward an eventual unification of the various Socialist factions, depending on the realization of certain definite conditions of which the first would be the autonomy of Italian Socialism. Naturally, such a solution cannot be reached except on a base of true Socialist understanding, which means the exclusion of any sort of link by any one of the component Socialist factions with other parties. . . . The new situation determined by the open admission of relationships of dependence between our Stalinists and Moscow, by the Communist adhesion to the Cominform and its unconditional and fanatical acceptance of the Kremlin political line, reinforces the thesis of Socialist autonomy.

Lombardo took no stand on the possibility of coöperation or non-coöperation with the Christian Democrats, or participation with them in a government cabinet. "In this case, as well as with the Communists," he said, "the crucial point would be effective freedom from any bond, a freedom that would permit Socialism to fight in complete independence the battle against a clerical state."

But, so far as can be judged now, the appeal of Saragat and Lombardo has had less effect than the one for a Republican alliance. The anti-Saragat viewpoint is that an irrevocable split between Socialists and Communists would be going too far; it would lead toward open political strife and toward endangering the economic situation of the workers.

This point of view was expressed by Deputy Riccardo Lombardi in an article in *Avanti,* of which he is editor. Lombardi is rapidly coming to the fore as the leader of the middle-of-the-road Socialists, inheriting the power previously exercised by Nenni. Lombardi said the pact with the Communists was justified by the large following the Communists have among the workers. He vigorously attacked the Saragat faction and defended the project of the Republican alliance.

The announcement of this project, he pointed out, spoke of "creating the conditions likely to bring into existence a broad Republican alliance, wide open to all the popular democratic forces. To say 'creating the conditions' means that these conditions do not yet exist and that it is necessary to create them." Moreover, Lombardi emphasized that "there is no hurry," whereas his opponents were pressing for quick action.

One of the possibilities I have heard mentioned is that there may be a union of Saragat's Union of Socialists, the smaller Italian Socialist Workers Party and a portion of the regular Socialist Party (formerly Nenni's faction). The three groups would swing further toward the political right, break openly with the Communists perhaps in the form of a pronouncement, and re-form for a struggle against the Lombardi faction. In this case the Saragat men would temporarily withdraw from the government of de Gasperi with his knowledge and approval.

Interestingly, this is the view which is being taken by the Soviet Embassy here, according to Italians to whom I have talked. It is definitely not shared by friends of Lombardi or other supporters of the Democratic alliance. They insist that Saragat will not be able to split their ranks because, they say, the great majority of the members of the CGIL will resist a development that will weaken labor as a whole. They point out that in the last CGIL elections, the Christian Democrats were able to get only 12 percent of the vote, and say that "the forces of disintegration" (by which they mean the Christian Democrats plus the Saragat followers) will not be able to muster more than 25 to 30 percent.

In any event, time will tell—in a literal sense. While Saragat wants immediate action, his opponents are trying to stall until the Socialist Party congress next January; and international events outside Italy during the next few months may decide the issue, although I have found few Italians who will admit as much.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

But only four states out of 44 have as yet taken this simple and effective way of fighting job discrimination

by Bruce Bliven

THE ADVERTISEMENT in the Pittsburgh paper, signed by a big department store, said "adding-machine operator wanted" and mentioned the salary. The applicant who now sat across the desk from the personnel manager was young, intelligent, attractive; she had good references showing ample previous experience in this work. Things were going well until the personnel man asked the applicant her name. It was, she told him, Rachel Cohen.

The temperature of the office dropped about 30 degrees. "Oh, yes, Miss Cohen," said the personnel man. "The fact is—well, the fact is, there are no openings in this office just now. But I'll keep your address on file, and if anything turns up, we'll let you know."

You will not be surprised, I am sure, to hear that next morning, the want-ad column again carried an advertisement over the name of the store:

"Wanted: adding-machine operator. Good pay, steady work."

Miss Cohen, to whom this kind of thing had happened several times before, decided to see what she could do about it. She went and told her story to the executive director of the Pittsburgh branch of one of the leading national Jewish organizations. He, in turn, called up the general manager of the store in question.

Discriminate against a Jewish applicant? Oh, my dear sir, most certainly not. They wouldn't dream of such a thing. Their policy was one of strict non-discrimination.

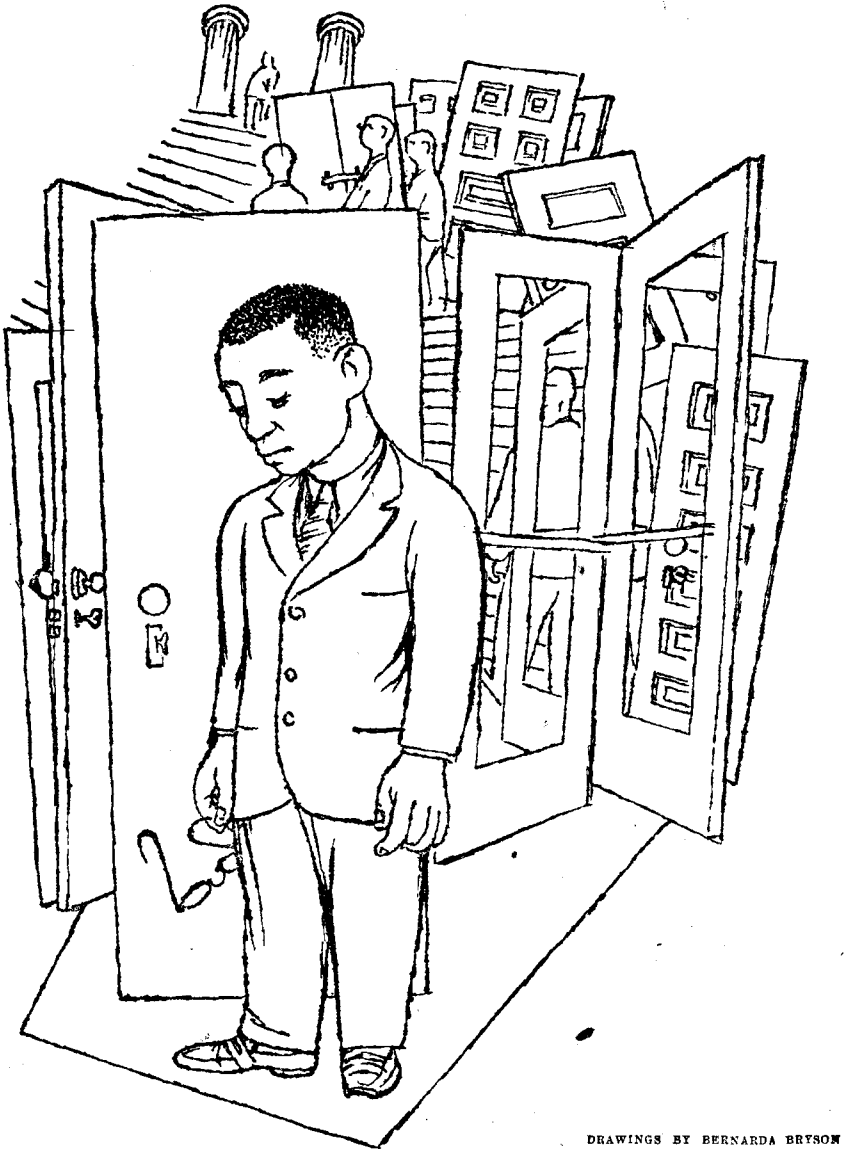
In that case, the Jewish spokesman wanted to know, how did it happen that the ad continued to appear, although a competent, experienced person had been told there were no vacancies?

The general manager didn't know, but he was sure there was a mistake somewhere. Perhaps the applicant had misunderstood the store's representative? Or perhaps, he hinted delicately, she wasn't really competent, or had some grave personality defect, and the personnel man had been trying to let her down gently, without hurting her feelings. He would look into the whole matter and call back after his investigation.

Which he never did. And when the Jewish spokesman tried several times to get him on the telephone, his apologetic secretary explained each time that he was out.

Next, a new tack was tried. The director of the Jewish group knew several wealthy Jewish women in Pittsburgh, who had charge accounts at the store in question. Patiently, over a couple of days, he explained the situation to each of them. Would they be willing to write a letter or make a telephone call to the store, threatening to withdraw their accounts unless there was a promise that discrimination was to be abandoned?

It was tough going. A few of these women said they would, and actually wrote or phoned. In either case, they got the same sort of runaround that



DRAWINGS BY BERNARDA BRYSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had been given the executive director. But in other instances they showed great reluctance. Some of them asked how you could be sure there was discrimination? Maybe the girl really did have something wrong with her personality or experience. Anyhow, everybody knew that the store was doing plenty of business; it could get along without any one of its customers, or even half a dozen of them. The boycott, some of them observed, is a dangerous two-edged sword.

Pretty soon, Miss Cohen got a job somewhere else, and asked that efforts on her behalf be ended.

Contrast that story with a somewhat similar episode that happened about the same time in New York City.

A Negro girl, a competent stenographer, answered an advertisement and was rejected as soon as the employer saw her enter the room, being told that the job had been filled. Next day she enlisted the services of a friend and called the same firm on the telephone, while her friend listened on an extension. (Born and brought up in New York, her accent is that of any New Yorker of whatever racial origin.) She asked whether the secretarial position had been filled and was told that it had not.

Accompanied by her corroboratory witness, she now paid a visit to the office of the New York State Commission Against Discrimination at 270 Broadway, and narrated the incident to one of the staff. A few days later, a Commission Investigator dropped in on the employer in question—let us call him Mr. Jones.

Was Mr. Jones aware, the investigator wanted to know, that there is a New York State law against discrimination in employment?

Mr. Jones wasn't quite sure. He thought he had seen something like that in the papers awhile back, but he hadn't paid much attention to it.

And did Mr. Jones ever practise discrimination in hiring people to work for him?

Oh, no, absolutely not. Oh, no, indeed.

How many employees did Mr. Jones have at that moment?

One hundred and eighty-seven.

And how many of them were Negroes?

There was one, Mr. Jones replied, beaming at his own goodheartedness. A porter.

And how did it happen that Mr. Jones had no Negro secretaries or accountants or salespeople?

Well, he had never seen a competent one, as a matter of fact.

And what about Miss X, the Negro secretary who had applied for work just a few days earlier? Could Mr. Jones prove that the girl was not competent?

Well, no, he guessed he couldn't. But that job was already filled. He had told her so.

And what about the telephone conversation the following day, corroborated by a witness, in which he had told the same girl the job was still open? Was Mr. Jones aware that a verified charge of discrimination could subject him to a public hearing, a public cease-and-desist order and even, if he proved stubborn enough, to legal penalties?

Mr. Jones turned the color of a dish of satsuma plums and, finally, under skillful questioning, broke down and admitted that he had discriminated against half a dozen minority groups. He promised anxiously, with beads of sweat on his forehead, to do everything he could to obey the law in the future.

Six months later, an investigator, making a routine checkup, found that a number of members of minority groups were working for Mr. Jones, a sufficiently large percentage of the total list of employees to justify the assumption that the law is now being obeyed.

These two stories illustrate the possibilities of one type of attack on the evil of discrimination. Four states—New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey—now have laws forbidding discrimination. A few other states around the country have legislation looking in the same direction, but since it is without penalties and without machinery for enforcement, it is almost worthless. There are now local ordinances of varying effectiveness in Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Philadelphia and a few other cities.

I do not want, in this article, to exaggerate the value of state legislation; I could fill this issue of the *New Republic* with statements about what is still wrong, even in these four states. But the situation is so much worse in the states which have no law, or a law without teeth, that the pioneering four look like a paradise in comparison.

These laws, in general, forbid discrimination on grounds of race, creed, color or national origin. Justice must be observed in employment, dismissal, upgrading, downgrading, wages and working conditions. The state bodies can investigate complaints, undertake conciliation, hold public hearings and hand down binding orders.

While it is almost impossible to make a concrete statement about improvements as a result of the passage of these laws, it is known that many members of minorities are now employed in places where they were formerly excluded. Negro girls, for instance, are now selling in department stores. Negroes and Jews are on the staffs of insurance companies. Negro clerks, bookkeepers and tellers are employed increasingly by public utilities, brokerage firms and banks. (In New York State, which is probably typical, two-thirds of the cases which come to the attention of the authorities involve Negroes, and of the other third, a substantial majority involve Jews.)

In New York, about 1,000 cases have been the subject of formal complaint to the State Commission Against Discrimination. Every one of these has been investigated. In every case where discrimination existed, the employer has promised to obey the law and has been found, on subsequent visits from SCAD investigators, to be doing so.

Though there is no statistical proof, it must certainly be true that thousands of other employers have mended their ways before any complaint could be filed. For instance, 2,500 employers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have voluntarily submitted their application forms for employment to the New York SCAD, to make sure that they were legal. (Such forms must no longer ask questions about race, religion or national origin.)

Many employers have told members of the state commissions that they did not want to practise discrimination, but had been afraid to end it because of objections by their workers or customers. In some cases, these statements are undoubtedly true; even in the middle of the war, and in munitions plants, white workers, especially from the South, went on strike rather than work alongside Negroes. An employer can now tell his workers that he has no choice in the matter, that the state law compels him to hire any competent worker. The same sort of statement can be made to any customer mean-spirited enough to object to contact with a minority member.

SCAD has also brought labor unions into line. In New York, since the passage of the law, 30 unions, with a combined membership of 750,000, have modified, either locally or nationally, their rules which denied membership to Negroes, or gave them second-class status.

The fact that newspapers and magazines published or circulated in states with laws against discrimination are forbidden to print discriminatory advertising probably helps to improve the situation. In the schools of these states, at least a beginning has been made at teaching the fundamental truth that discrimination is undemocratic.

By way of contrast, let us look again for a moment at the situation in the 44 states which, like Pennsylvania, are without state laws against discrimination. In doing so, we must remember that discriminatory hiring varies inversely with the amount of employment available. When labor is hard to get—which is broadly true at this moment—discrimination is at a minimum. But as soon as a depression begins, it is always minority members who are first to be fired, last to be hired, who are forced to do equal work

for less pay or better work for equal pay—unless they are protected by the seniority provisions of a trade-union contract. (In 1945, of the 16 and 17-year-olds employed in Philadelphia, 17 percent were Negroes. In 1947, after a slump in the industries in which they had been working, only five percent were Negroes. Since they represent 17 percent of the population in that age group in Philadelphia, more than two-thirds of the young Negroes apparently could not get a job at all!)

In eight large cities, in states which are without laws prohibiting such actions, advertisements which say "Christian only," or use some other discriminatory phrase, have *trebled since the end of the war.* On a recent day, selected at random, 27 advertisements in a leading Pittsburgh newspaper, and 45 in a Philadelphia paper, contained discriminatory clauses. Two New York newspapers of the same date each had a single advertisement of this sort, presumably by inadvertence, since it violated the law.

Known instances where positions have been refused to Jews have doubled since 1945—and the number of known cases is, of course, only a tiny percentage of the total.

In Chicago, a survey made a few months ago by the American Jewish Congress showed that in many important lines of business, about half the white-collar jobs are now closed to Jews.

Ninety percent of all employment agencies throughout the country require job applicants to state their religion.

For further light on what can be accomplished without the backing of the law, consider the experience of the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia, in trying to get jobs for Negroes, before the passage of the local ordinance mentioned earlier. The Quakers in Philadelphia set up a special committee, as a full-time operation, to try to help properly qualified Negroes to get clerical, professional and technical positions. About 1,500 Negroes applied for help, although roughly only one-third of them could be called well trained. In spite of years of effort, the Quakers were able to get jobs for *only 25 people,* or five percent of those qualified.

A national law forbidding discrimination in any part of the United States would, of course, be the best approach to this problem. But while we are waiting—and working—for such a law, it is of the greatest importance and value to obtain state legislation in the other 44 states similar to that in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey.

Many states will probably pass such laws in the fairly near future. Bills of this character have recently been introduced in nearly half of them. It usually takes two or three years from the time it is first introduced to get such a piece of legislation put through.

In all of these states, you may be sure that dire and dreadful predictions will be uttered about the ruination that would follow such a law. It may help to recall what was said in New York—a pioneer state in this field—when the anti-discrimination bill was first brought up for consideration.

James W. Danahy, representing the New York City West Side Association of Commerce, testified that it would open the door "for every Communist, Fascist, Nazi or anyone believing in other radical philosophies, contrary to the principles of democracy, to obtain any key position in business and in the labor unions in this state."

Robert Moses, the Park Commissioner, was equally alarmist. "Business will be driven out of the state," he predicted, "because employers will be at the mercy of every agitator, every tricky lawyer, every person who thinks he is aggrieved. . . . An honest employer harassed by the proposed system will either ask the State Commission to fix the various racial and religious quotas, or he will be forced to establish quotas of his own. . . . The law means the end of honest competition and the death knell of selection and advancement on the basis of talent."

Julian S. Myrick, of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, feared that undesirables who could not get jobs in other states would now flock to New York; existing businesses would be driven away; new businesses would not come in; opportunities would be open for blackmail by agitators, applicants and disgruntled employers.

Most of these forebodings were endorsed editorially by the New York *World-Telegram*, which said that passage of the bill "in its present form seems likely to intensify rather than allay the very feelings it tries to alter."

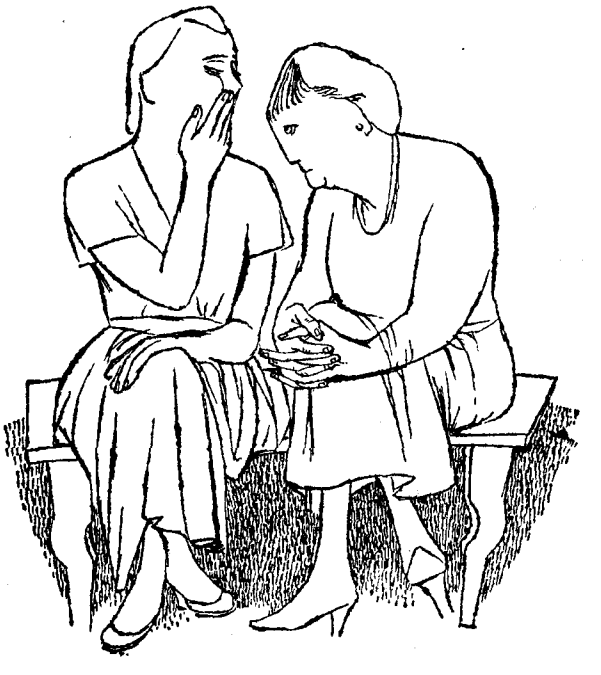
It remained for Westbrook Pegler to produce the real clincher. "Carried to its logical extremity," he feared, "this law might be invoked some time to impel a Catholic parish to hire a Rabbi for its pastor, should he be first under the wire with his application for the job."

The most casual investigation proves that these grim prophecies have not been borne out, in either New York or the other three states with laws against discrimination. These statutes are working well, amid overwhelming and increasing public approval. Instead of being too strong, it is clear that they should, in general, be still stronger. They should all, for one thing, have the provision now made explicit only in Massachusetts and Connecticut, which permits the Anti-Discrimination Commission or Commissioner to conduct investigations and institute proceedings even without a formal complaint. They should all have the provision, found only in the Connecticut law, which embraces employees of non-profit organizations as well as business firms.

Particularly foolish, in the light of experience, was the fear that people would use the terms of the law for blackmail. On the contrary, one of the great present weaknesses is that it is so difficult to get the victims of discrimination in employment to make a complaint. In thousands of cases, they say nothing to anyone, but merely turn away and try for a job somewhere else. A disturbingly large proportion of the people, even in New York and New Jersey where the law has been in effect for three years and has had a lot of publicity, have never heard of it. On the other hand, there is much testimony on file, from subjects of attempted discrimination, that knowing of the existence of the law, knowing that "we are not alone," has been a morale-building factor of indescribable value.

It is probably not necessary to strengthen the penalties in the state statutes, even though these strike many persons sympathetic to the statutes as excessively mild. Experience has shown that most employers fear publicity far more than they do the fine or imprisonment which is provided. This fact helps explain the record of these four states, where several thousand cases have been settled without, thus far, a single instance where it has been necessary to bring the violator into court.

Discrimination in employment is certainly only one aspect, though perhaps the most important one, of the vast and wretched business of prejudice, which denies justice to individuals on a basis of creed or color. Some of its aspects are so deeply rooted that it may take generations to get rid of them, and, clearly, the fight must be conducted on many fronts at once. Meanwhile, the facts readily available about the situation in the four states and in the 44 give the strongest possible argument for action against the prejudice of which H. G. Wells said that "it is the worst single thing in life now . . . because it justifies and holds together more baseness, cruelty and abomination than any other sort of error in the world."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE LANDSCAPE OF THE HEART

by John Farrelly

TO THE LIGHTHOUSE; MRS. DALLOWAY; THE WAVES; ORLANDO, by Virginia Woolf (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $3 each).

THE RE-ISSUE of these four books in handsome bindings answers no urgent need; three of them are already available in less expensive editions. Nevertheless, it is an occasion to reread several of Mrs. Woolf's books at the same time. Inevitably, I found the spell of the old enchantment considerably diminished. Inevitable, in part, because we are at that awkward distance which prevents either a fresh reading of her work or an impersonal detachment. In so far as our disaffection is caused by a temporary impatience with the elaborate, the playful, the idiosyncratic, we are the losers.

Orlando has always seemed to me embarrassingly frivolous. Of course, it is a very ingenious joke, very "literary" and scholarly, and the frivolity mocks itself, as when, after exercising a few lines in an archaic manner, the author breaks off: "(and so on for six pages if you will, but the style is tedious and may well be dropped)." It would have been delightful as one of her shorter, light pieces, but in this form the joke is stretched beyond the fun in it, and the fun was always more for the writer than the reader.

The Waves is a serious novel, of course, about six children who are brought up together and whose lives are interwoven until the book leaves them in middle age. They reveal themselves (and one another) in alternating interior monologues. Never has Mrs. Woolf (or any other writer, for that matter, in quite this way) employed this technique so exclusively. It is not an attempt to imitate the processes of the unconscious or of involuntary association, but a determined concentration on the self, expressed in a formal poetic style: " 'Now let me try,' said Louis, 'before we rise, before we go to tea, to fix the moment in one supreme endeavor. This will endure'."

In this sort of fixity, consciousness is a continual surrender to a stream of sense-impressions and related memories. It is an end in itself; sensitivity is the supreme value. The result is often very lovely; nevertheless, the rhythm of monologue is finally monotonous and the characters of the novel are apt to fade into the anonymity of mere sensitized plates. Any continuity or interrelation of their reveries is too frequently only a trick of composition. *The Waves* (like most of its author's work) has been compared to music—a useful simile, as it suggests a thematic structure unusual in English fiction. But literature is no more music than music is literature, and the obtrusion of a formal scheme risks the chilling or even paralysis of a novel.

Mrs. Dalloway and *To the Lighthouse* are Virginia Woolf's most successful novels. The former is brilliant; it originates on the surface of things—"the silver, the chairs"; "there was a beating, a stirring of galloping ponies, tapping of cricket bats"—and the impulse of these impressions to the reflective mind constructs the sense of "life; London; this moment in June." Appropriately in this world of surfaces, "the supreme mystery . . . was simply this: here was one room, there another." It is a rare creative stroke that recognizes the mood, despite the flash and gayety, as one of ineffable sadness and futility: "This late age of the world's experience had bred in them all, all men and women, a well of tears." The most Clarissa Dalloway can do is give a party.

So far, the work is a triumph of the visual imagination; the following reference to Clarissa's courageous and inane high-mindedness is another matter: "Not for a moment did she believe in God; but all the more, she thought, . . . must one repay in daily life to servants, yes, to dogs and canaries, above all to Richard her husband, who was the foundation of it." And again: "Thank you, thank you, she went on saying in gratitude to her servants generally for helping her to be like this, to be what she wanted, gentle, generous-hearted."

There is here, at the very least, an ambiguity; at most, a failure of the ironic intelligence. How can one judge the passages quoted above? There are too few clues. This failure, if it *is* failure, is all the more baffling because it is intermittent; Sir William Bradshaw and Hugh Whitbread are disposed of swiftly and keenly.

That is not to say that Clarissa goes scot-free. Peter Walsh, her old love, recognizes in her something "timid; hard; something arrogant; unimaginative; prudish." And "Clarissa had grown . . . a trifle sentimental into the bargain, he suspected." She herself "could see what she lacked. . . . It was something central which permeated; something warm. . . ."

Thus, she is *diminished* as thoroughly as ruthless honesty could demand; in fact, she is diminished until she scarcely fills her place in the center of the book. But what we miss are values other than Clarissa's own by which she can be *placed*. In their absence, and with Clarissa reduced, contracted, the book tends to lapse in places, then to race a bit, and here and there to gush slightly: words like "delicious," "enchanting," "extraordinary" are not infrequent.

At this point, all previous reservations must be suspended: *To the*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lighthouse seems to me among the few near perfect novels in the language. If *Mrs. Dalloway* is dazzling, this book is luminous. It is unique among Virginia Woolf's writing for its warmth and sympathy. It contains her two most substantial characters: Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay. Its theme, which fills every page with vitality, is expressed by Lily Briscoe, at their summer house in the Hebrides, "staying with the Ramsays. Directly she looked up and saw them, what she called 'being in love' flooded them. They became a part of that unreal but penetrating and exciting universe which is the world seen through the eyes of love . . . life, from being made up of little separate incidents which one lived one by one, became curled and whole like a wave which bore one up with it and threw one down with it, there, with a dash, on the beach."

The theme of the book is "love"; the word itself recurs persistently, but with such subtle variations in meaning that one might not recognize its presence. Mrs. Ramsay herself, the central character, personifies the numerous aspects of love. In more general, suggestive terms, there is "the astonishing power that Mrs. Ramsay had over one." Again: "Knowledge and wisdom were stored up in [her] heart." In another place, she is beautifully compared to a bee-hive: "Like a bee, drawn by some sweetness or sharpness in the air intangible to touch or taste, one haunted the dome-shaped hive." "Her capacity to surround and protect" her eight children extends in a wider maternalism: "She had the whole of the other sex under her protection." And like some humble, domestic goddess of love, she is forever match-making: "She was driven on, too quickly she knew, almost as if it were an escape for her too, to say that people must marry; people must have children." She and Mr. Ramsay are themselves "the symbols of marriage, husband and wife." Finally, she is identified, after her death, with "the fertility, the insensibility of nature."

What aerates and lightens this pervasive theme, this almost oppressive love, is the stirring life of the book: the natural summer life of the garden, the dunes, the bay; the quick, sly humor; the gigantic figure of Mr. Ramsay; the gayety of the holiday; the odd assortment of visitors; the many children. Nothing suggests the domestic scene better than the following: "The great clangor of the gong announced solemnly, authoritatively, that all those scattered about, in attics, in bedrooms, on little perches of their own, reading, writing, putting the last smooth to their hair, or fastening dresses, must leave all that, and the little odds and ends on their washing-tables and dressing-tables, and the novels on the bed tables, and the diaries which were so private, and assemble in the dining-room for dinner"—the wonderful dinner, most festive of the many parties in Virginia Woolf's books, the dinner of the *Boeuf en Daube*.

But if Mrs. Ramsay is the source and repository of love, she is complemented by Lily Briscoe, the artist, whose homage and devotion reflect that life and so create the book: "Love had a thousand shapes. There might be loves whose gift it was to choose out the elements of things and place them together and so, giving them a wholeness not theirs in life, make of some scene, or meeting of people (all now gone and separate) one of those globed compacted things over which thought lingers, and love plays."

DOLBIN

STAR CHAMBER

WASHINGTON WITCH HUNT, by Bert Andrews (Random House; $2.50).
HOLLYWOOD ON TRIAL, by Gordon Kahn (Boni and Gaer, $2.75; paper, $1).

BERT ANDREWS, chief of the Washington Bureau of the New York *Herald Tribune*, has written a heart-warming book for liberals. It is good to find a self-styled conservative journalist, employed by a Republican newspaper at a time of anti-Communist hysteria, who will battle for the preservation of civil liberties, even at the cost of being called a fellow-traveler. Andrews recapitulates in this book his journalistic fight in the case of Mr. Blank, who was summarily dismissed from the State Department, without trial and without being faced by his accusers, on the ground that he was a security risk. Even a statement of the alleged charges was refused him.

Andrews' intervention and the publicity he gave to the case was directly responsible for preserving Blank's future and for setting up safeguards by the President's Loyalty Board. At least in theory, this Board now attempts to observe the civil rights of government employees accused of subversive activities or of possible disloyalty.

Andrews covers the FBI methods in these investigations, the case of Dr. Condon, and the Hollywood trials. He also does an outstanding job in exposing Communist doctrine by publishing the answers to 23 questions he submitted to William Z. Foster. He appends to this exchange, as control answers to the same questions, quotations from the writings of Stalin and other Russian Communists. In most instances it quite clearly appears in the differences of the two replies that Foster's answers are evasions, double-talk and misstatements.

For instance, Andrews asked Foster whether the Communist Party of the United States believed that the majority had the right to determine the system of government and economics in its own country. Foster re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plied that the majority of the people in any country have the right to organize their system of government and economics, which he stated was "a cardinal principle of Marxism-Leninism."

However, as Andrews points out, Stalin in *Problems of Leninism* states the Marxist-Leninist line much more accurately when he says:

> The single class knows that it alone is taking political power in its hands and does not deceive itself or others with talk about "popular government elected by all, sanctified by the whole people."

Too often the wrong people have attempted to expose Communists. Although communism is their ostensible enemy, the destruction of liberalism and the labor movement is their ultimate aim. That is not so in Andrews' case. He believes that a healthy America, able to solve its problems through discussion and not repression, need have no fear of communism. To that end this book is a contribution written in the best tradition of crusading American journalism. Let Communists speak their piece, he argues, and the good sense of the American people will reject it. We must expose them, but we must do so within the framework of our Bill of Rights. This affirmation comes at a necessary moment, and the much criticized Pulitzer Committee earned a prize for itself by giving Andrews its award for reporting. All of the prize work is contained in this book.

In contrast, *Hollywood on Trial*, written by Gordon Kahn with the aid of the indicted "Hollywood Ten," often becomes special pleading and more violent writing. The book's significance is as a case study of how the present anti-Communist hysteria in this country is being used to destroy civil rights. When the hearings opened, the motion-picture executives assured the ten that they would stand by them, but the headlines and the clamor finally forced the companies to run for cover. Their spokesman's defiance was soon replaced by the groveling and scraping of these industrial titans before J. Parnell Thomas and his colleagues. The Hollywood greats then raced one another in a scramble to fire the ten, to invoke an industry blacklist, to institute a loyalty check and to produce anti-Russian and anti-Communist films.

Kahn is on such solid ground throughout and makes such a powerful case for his main theses that it is a pity he wasn't more candid. He preserves a discreet silence on the political affiliations of the accused. He does not discuss the testimony of Emmet Lavery, president of the Screen Writers' Guild, nor explain why this acknowledged liberal decided that his constitutional rights were not invaded, and therefore answered the questions concerning his union membership and political beliefs. The book is weak in its conclusion: that the bankers forced the movie companies to take their ultimate position. This argument is based on the merest hearsay—quotations from two newspaper columnists.

The two books complement each other and create an unhappy picture of the fears now loose in the land and the methods being used by destructive forces to twist our jitters to their own ends. *Hollywood on Trial* ignores the existence of any danger from communism; *Washington Witch Hunt* recognizes the problem, but attacks the methods used to eliminate it. Kahn shows how the blacklist works in private industry, Andrews outlines its operation in government. Both books warn of the frightening state to which our civil liberties have presently descended. As Andrews says:

> It is becoming increasingly clear to those who have been observing the state of mind in the capital and the rest of the nation that the threat to civil liberties, as America has known them, is as serious at this moment as it has ever been in history. Officialdom is suffering from a bad case of jitters. There is alarm. There is hysteria.
>
> There is reason for some alarm. There is no good reason for hysteria. Alarm can suggest rational precautions. When hysteria is in control, all judgment goes out the window. When hysteria is rampant, there is danger of destroying the rights of all in the effort to curb the abuses of the disloyal or misguided few.

Perhaps it would be well for these quotations from *Washington Witch Hunt* to be pasted in many hats, felt as well as brass. AMOS S. BASEL

TOP SECRET

ASSESSMENT OF MEN, compiled by the OSS Assessment Staff (Rinehart; $5).

THE CLOSEST THING to an elite in wartime Washington was William Donovan's Office of Strategic Services. Especially was this applicable to that part of OSS engaged in overseas operations. Its *esprit de corps* was high; some of its assignments were romantic, others hazardous; successful bankers and lawyers were hand-picked for its key posts and the general run of its personnel was also carefully selected. OSS men were clannish, security conscious and inclined to peer down their noses at outsiders; a fine sinister air enveloped the organization's more mysterious activities—of which there were many. But above all OSS was the personal organ of the astonishing and irrepressible General Donovan, who, under presidential directive, was accountable only to the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

There was also another less glamorous but even more effective side to the OSS. The divisions engaged in research and analysis and in political and economic interpretation maintained a high level of professional competence. Compared to their record, that of the regular army groups who pursued analogous studies was pathetic.

Assessment of Men is the account of yet another OSS unit, composed of psychologists and psychiatrists who had the task of measuring the qualifications of the men and women recruited for duty with the OSS abroad. This turned out to be a novel and exacting project. The planning of it was a challenge to ingenuity and imagination; the day-to-day execution—under confused and hectic circumstances—required patience, tact, skill in improvisation and an unfailing supply of sober, common sense. On reading

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these pages, one is impressed with the job that was done. Its serious shortcomings, frankly exposed by the authors, do not detract from the lasting worth, both practical and theoretic, of a pioneer undertaking.

The greater part of the book describes the assessment program as developed and practised by the staff at station S, a luxurious country estate in Fairfax, Virginia. Several times a month a new batch of about 20 candidates was brought to the station, there to remain for a three-and-a-half-day period while the rating routine was run off. Altogether more than 2,000 candidates passed through the school. (Some 3,000 more were rated at other stations, including Washington, Ceylon, Kunming and Calcutta.) Each candidate arrived under an assumed student name selected during the preliminary briefing at OSS headquarters in Washington, and armed with a "cover story" embodying a fictitious account of his past. He was forbidden to reveal his true name, but under special conditions, and to members of the staff alone, he might disclose his true personal history. This hocus-pocus was considered vital in order to mark the recruit on his "security" sense.

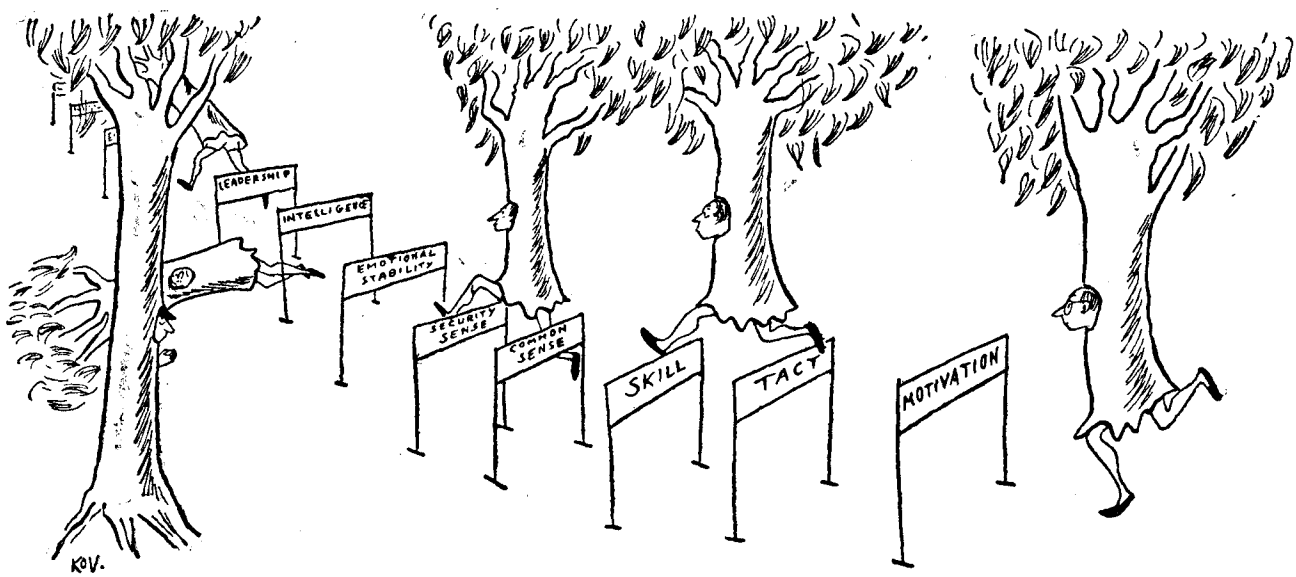
In formulating its program, the staff sought the answer to the basic question: What are strategic services? Unfortunately, no satisfactory answer was ever found. This failure, not merely of definition but organic, underlay basic defects in the entire conception of the assessment program. Reports from the field offices as to conditions and job requirements were often confused and inadequate. Men were recruited for one job and then asked to perform another, wholly different, with the result that skills were wasted and essential functions mishandled.

The chief problem at S was to eliminate the unfit: but unfit for what? The sum of the staff's knowledge regarding the candidates' proposed assignments roughly came to this—they were being considered for overseas service; the need was urgent; some of the assignments were dangerous, some safe, some called for special skills, some for men with an alligator's hide and the anxiety-index of a turtle, some were exciting, some deadly dull, some were burdened with hardships, some were no more than comfortable routine, and some encompassed so bewildering a range of duties and conditions as to include almost all of the foregoing.

Observing a candidate at meals "one had to ask oneself: Will this man survive the rigorous training in Scotland? Will he get along with the British? Will he be able to govern his anxiety up there in the plane as the moment for the drop approaches on that fateful night? Will he favorably impress the members of the resistance group into whose territory he will jump? Is his French fluent? Will he make a good instructor? Will he play safe, or will he manifest initiative and daring in setting up road blocks and harassing the Germans generally?"

Soon after the screening program was initiated, the staff concluded that it would have to adopt the difficult compromise procedure of judging candidates primarily in relation to a set of general qualifications applicable to the "great majority of assignments." What was sought was the best evidence on the candidate as a whole personality. This "gestalt" method was aimed at exhibiting the following crucial attributes: 1. Motivation. (Why did the man seek the job?) 2. Effective intelligence. (How well would the candidate solve the varied problems likely to confront him?) 3. Emotional stability. (What was the candidate's crack-up threshold?) 4. Social relations. (How well did the candidate get on with others?) 5. Leadership. ("The ability to take the initiative in social situations, to plan and organize action, and in so doing to evoke coöperation.")

Every waking hour of the candidate's stay at S was spent in supplying data relevant to these variables. There were innumerable written tests. Great weight was attached to a lengthy personal interview during which experienced senior staff members first put the candidate at ease and then



DRAWING BY KOVARSKY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proceeded to take him apart as painlessly as their skill permitted. Candidates were asked to deliver brief talks on selected themes and to participate in debates and discussions. At meal time, staff members sat with the candidates and got another view of them at ease. Once regularly during the sojourn of each class, its members were plied with liquor (the staff, of course, participating) in order to assess (a) thirst, (b) capacity and (c) discreetness while mildly (or thoroughly) fried. No dancing girls were made available but it is perhaps just as well that Representative Taber was not informed of some of the uses to which taxpayers' money was being put.

The candidates also faced a number of "situation" problems. For example, in groups of four to seven, they were taken to a brook and required as part of a mission in the field, to transport from one side to the other a delicate range finder and a box of percussion caps, camouflaged as a log and rock, respectively. The brook was a mild little thing, but the candidates were told to imagine it a raging torrent; it was fifteen feet wide, there was no bridge, and the candidates were not permitted to swim across. Odds and ends of board and rope (no board long enough to span the brook), a pulley and a barrel were the only available equipment. This problem was intended to test among other things "effective intelligence," "leadership" and "social relations."

In a more doubtful category was the routine known as the Stress Interview. Each candidate was given twelve minutes in which to fabricate a plausible excuse to cover his actions in the following hypothetical episode: He had been found by a night watchman going through some papers in a file marked "Secret" in a government office in Washington, in a building where he was not employed and had no right to be. After preparing his cover story, the candidate reported to a "basement room at the foot of the stairs" to be questioned. He was seated at a table, a bright light shining on his face, and subjected to a verbal third degree by a group of junior staff members who fancied their ability to make an interview "stressful."

One of the more important features of this account is an evaluation of the ratings given the candidates and statistical correlations between the several variables. Assuming the statistical conclusions to be valid, they clearly have significance beyond the confines of the project itself. It is interesting to learn, for example, that those assessed "superior" in motivation—which often meant that a candidate emphasized the social and ideological issues at stake in the war as one of his primary reasons for seeking a more dangerous post—were frequently also assessed superior in "leadership," "effective intelligence" and "emotional stability." "Social relation" correlated with "emotional stability" more highly than any other variable. Correlation between "leadership" and "emotional stability" was also high. On the other hand, the correlation between "effective intelligence" and "emotional stability" was only moderate.

This is an intelligent and thought-provoking work, of practical value to any organization that regularly recruits a large number of men and women for skilled jobs. Along theoretical lines, the report is a solid contribution to the important subject of clinical psychology.

Unfortunately, I must add a postscript regarding the writing. It is a composite, academic effort and about as fearful as such things can be. Few paragraphs are without the word "integration"; many are adorned with "situationist," "supportive," "conceptualization" and similar lazyman's jargon. Earlier, I mentioned the OSS *esprit de corps*. The psychologists and psychiatrists, I am sorry to say, were particularly smitten. The atmosphere and daily doings at S are described in a manner reminiscent partly of the average alumni bulletin, partly of a college year book, partly of the prospectus for a summer camp and partly of almost any volume in the Putnam Hall Series. I venture the hope that if the authors were not pulling the reader's leg they will promise to do better in the next war.

JAMES R. NEWMAN

THE GREAT RAT RACE

ROAD TO SURVIVAL, by William Vogt (William Sloane Associates; $4).
OUR PLUNDERED PLANET, by Fairfield Osborne (Little, Brown; $2.50).

Man is the only organism that lives by destroying the environment indispensable to his survival.—William Vogt.

FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS men wandered over this planet trying to keep body and soul together. They dug into the earth, hunted in the forests and fished in the rivers. They multiplied slowly, for food was scarce and animals killed them and they were always killing one another. They had no medicine, competent doctors, high-powered tractors or hybrid seed corn. Life was hard. Most of them lost quickly in the struggle for existence.

But their environment, which we call nature, was in excellent condition. The rivers ran clear, the grass grew thick and the trees grew tall. The slow travels of the raindrop down the streams, into the sea and back to the clouds again—what scientists call the hydrologic cycle—helped to establish an equilibrium. From the standpoint of soil and water conservation, conditions were ideal. There was no more soil taken from the top than was manufactured by nature at the bottom of the soil profile.

Then man became "civilized," and what he has done to himself in that dubious state of grace is the theme of a brilliantly conceived and brilliantly written book. There have been many studies on the general subject of the exploitation of our resources, but *Road to Survival* is the best one I've ever read. William Vogt, who is head of the conservation section of the Pan American Union, outlines the world-wide effects of soil exhaustion and gives those of us who are interested in increasing production a new perspective and a reason to scratch our heads and wonder if we shouldn't

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

properly call production destruction and try to do something about it before we all starve to death.

Because, says Vogt, precisely that will happen if we don't stop converting our forests into comic books, and mining our land to furnish a multitude of gadgets. He notes that America has the highest insanity rate in the world and suggests that erosion of the soil has indirectly brought about an erosion of the mind and spirit.

America has the highest standard of living in the world, but, Vogt points out, it is a standard produced at an immeasurable cost. We have converted our soil and water resources into objects of no real value. We are supporting our agriculture with paper. We have considered that agriculture, like business, is only a source of profit. And as a result a farm wife can now listen to soap operas on a radio which cost thousands of tons of topsoil.

Not only, declares Vogt, has our birthright been sold for a mess of pottage, our wildlife has been destroyed, our once clear rivers are full of sewage and our fish are gone. The whole hydrologic cycle has been upset. The ground water table is falling. Large areas are becoming deserts. Meanwhile the world population has increased to a point where the soil, even when it is ruthlessly mined, will not support us all. There is one man for every acre of arable land in the world; one for every two acres in our own country.

Vogt is not, however, entirely without hope. He believes that birth control might save the situation. In our own country, an enlightened Congress could also help in long-range soil conservation measures. I gather that he feels that the present Congress, which is trying to run the country like a bank, is the most extravagant and expensive Congress in history.

Similar in theme, but narrower in scope and written with less imagination, is Fairfield Osborne's *Our Plundered Planet.* Osborne, the president of the New York Zoological Society, shares Vogt's alarm for the future. He observes that although the United States has made progress in soil conservation and although the American people have become soil-erosion conscious, we are scraping the bottom of the soil barrel. Man, he says, has become a geological force—*i.e.*, a force which has changed not only our plant and animal life but the life of the soil itself. This has been done primarily by the ignorance or selfishness of individuals trying to make a short-term profit out of natural resources. Osborne especially condemns the attempt of the stockmen of the West to loot the public domain and thus make the destruction complete.

Both of these writers are barking up the right tree. They have put their finger on the soil and water robber. This robber is an economic and business system which makes it profitable to destroy the elements that give us our food, our clothes, our houses and our gadgets—and, of course, ultimately ourselves.

ANGUS MCDONALD

VOICE OF AMERICA

PERSUADE OR PERISH, by Wallace Carroll (Houghton Mifflin Company; $4).

AS HEAD of the Office of War Information in London and later its deputy director in Washington, Wallace Carroll was one of the leading figures in American propaganda and psychological warfare. As a veteran foreign correspondent and bureau chief of the United Press, he was an experienced, conscientious observer of the significant events in which he played a definite and important role.

With considerable objectivity, he has avoided indulging in either extreme disillusionment over the way in which the OWI was treated by the Roosevelt Administration or in excessive praise for its neglected achievements. As a result, he has written a balanced, reflective study of psychological warfare in general and American wartime propaganda in particular. It is a chastening message for US policymakers.

Persuade or Perish is more impressive in its detailed analysis of our successes and failures in the field of persuasion than it is in its more hasty survey of contemporary international chaos. This is partially because it tends to oversimplify what it has to say about the causes of current US-USSR hostility. Furthermore, its discussion of America's failure to make her voice felt on behalf of progressive democratic ideals everywhere lays too much emphasis on our tactlessness and lack of propaganda resource, too little on the growth of reactionary influences in the nation.

Nevertheless, its central message, that if the US is to survive without an unthinkably disastrous war it must persuade the rest of the world of its honesty and integrity, is so clear-headed and sensible that it deserves the most thoughtful consideration by troubled Americans, particularly those in high places. That the author is, among other things, a man of rare courage is indicated by his willingness to question the infallibility of so sacrosanct a public personage as Bernard Baruch.

Carroll makes three particularly important points about American wartime propaganda. The first has to do with the curious duality of character in Franklin D. Roosevelt that troubles even his most devoted admirers. As Carroll reminds anyone who may have forgotten, the eloquence, the courageous leadership, even the very name of FDR, made him at once a symbol of democracy and a reservoir of good will for the US throughout the world.

Yet Roosevelt had a strange intolerance toward the potentialities of wartime propaganda. He ignored the importance of its possible contribution to victory, and treated his Office of War Information with an almost studied lack of understanding or interest. It was a scorn that reached virtually insurmountable proportions for the heads of the OWI because it was supported by Cordell Hull's sullen taciturnity. In very considerable part, the reluctance to use the propagation of democratic ideals as a weapon came from the President's fear that it would divide the nation by driving powerful American reactionary forces into hostility toward the war effort. But it also

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apparently arose from an uncharacteristic lack of faith in the whole theory of persuasion.

At the same time—and this is the second point of highest interest in *Persuade or Perish*—Carroll does not believe, as so many still do, that the Roosevelt policy of unconditional surrender for the Axis was added proof of FDR's unconcern about political warfare. He does feel that the unconditional surrender theme should have been supplemented by details that would have assured anti-Nazi Germans that their country was not to be destroyed. Yet he thinks that the policy was essentially sound and wise. It reassured the suspicious Russians that we would make no separate peace with the Nazis and gave "a pledge to the peoples and governments of the occupied countries that the policy of military expediency which had been followed in North Africa would not be extended to the Axis countries."

This brings us to the third significant point in the book—the Darlan affair, which made it necessary for us to assure the world that we would not later find a Nazi Darlan. Carroll believes that General Eisenhower was entirely right in dealing with the vicious and treacherous French Admiral after the Allied landings in North Africa. He saved both American and French lives and enabled the Allied forces to get on to the important business of beating the Axis military forces. He is sure that Roosevelt and Robert Murphy were right in mistrusting de Gaulle as a potential fascist, an impossible prima donna and a leader so egotistically concerned with personal power and prestige that he would have sacrificed everything else, including American lives, to them.

The mistake was in continuing to lend verbal and actual support to the French Vichyites at the expense of the genuine French resistance forces, after it was no longer necessary, and in failing to make clear that the support was temporary and a matter of expediency. Carroll does not believe that there was any real pro-Vichy sentiment in the American leadership, but that we made the mistake of letting the world think there was. He also considers the postponement of US support to the French Committee of National Liberation a serious mistake. And, according to Carroll, we were equally wrong to let it appear that we were supporters of Badoglio and the King in Italy.

In many ways our propaganda was remarkably successful, but by such errors as these, we aroused a suspicion the Russians are still using to advantage. We are not, Carroll claims, as reactionary as we sometimes seem.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

THEATRE: A Dramatist

"IN THE BLOODIEST times there are kind people." This line from Bertolt Brecht's play, "The Caucasian Chalk Circle," might serve as a rebuttal to what I wrote here lately about some recent French plays. There are important differences, however, between Brecht and the Frenchmen. The first is that the French are dominated by a certain type of acid realism, while the German, no matter how much of a materialist he may be, generally moves toward the idealistic and the didactic. The second and more decisive difference is that the French plays are reflections of a basically middle-class psychology, while Brecht is essentially a revolutionary who identifies himself with the dispossessed.

"The Caucasian Chalk Circle" is now being given at the Hedgerow Theatre in Moylan, Pennsylvania, as its one hundred and sixty-second production in its twenty-fifth anniversary year. The play was translated by Eric and Maja Bentley, and directed by the former in the intrepid tradition of that institution.

Brecht wrote "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" in 1943 and 1944 during what he once called his "exile in paradise" in Santa Monica, California. The play is one of the last in a series of distinguished dramatic works by a man who is undoubtedly the leading poet of contemporary Germany.

The plot is based on an old Chinese play which in turn was a variant of the Biblical tale of Solomon's judicial stratagem in the case of the two women who claimed the same child. Brecht has transferred the locale of his play to Georgia in the Caucasus. In the Brecht play, the wise judge rules that the poor peasant girl who adopted the child shall retain it in permanent custody instead of its actual mother, the governor's wife, who lost it through selfish negligence. The point of Brecht's play is that the revolutionary mind will bring forth a new morality:

> . . . What there is shall go to those
> who are good for it,
> Thus: the children to the motherly,
> that they prosper.
> The carts to good drivers, that they
> are well driven.
> And the valley to the waterers, that
> it bring fruit.

There is a certain nobility here. It is a dangerous quality, for lofty sentiments often lead to low art. There is almost nothing more despicable than official "hope," nothing more distressing than courage displayed as propaganda. The nobility in Brecht's plays is fortunately not a self-conscious demonstration of exalted feeling but a quality immanent in his craftsmanship.

No critic of Brecht's work will fail to associate it with his theory of the Epic Theatre. It relates to Chinese as contrasted to Greek poetics. Epic theatre eschews ordinary illusion and suspense, because it does not seek to stimulate the subjective identification of the spectator with the actor on the stage. The Epic dramatist aims to encourage a certain detachment, a kind of contemplative coolness so that the spectator may take pleasure in his *understanding* of what he sees. . . . But theory does not concern me. I am convinced that Brecht writes as he does, not so much from a predeter-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mined calculation based on what he believes to be the correct goals for the present revolutionary age as from the dictates of his temperament.

Brecht is a kind of Gothic primitive, in whom a rude simplicity is coupled with a shrewd mentality. There is a humorous canniness in his imagery and observation. ("They even have to have their weeping done for them," one of his characters says of the rich.) There is also a kind of ascetic refinement or leanness of line in his work which may be ascribed with equal justification to either the primitive or the modern aspect of his talent. The final impression is that of a great purity of utterance.

Brecht's theatre verse has inspired some of the best songs of our time—those of Kurt Weill and of Hanns Eisler. The songs and choral comments in "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" contain the essence of Brecht's meaning and the peak of his poetic diction. Whether this is proof of his limitation as a dramatist is, at the moment, difficult to ascertain. For the test of Brecht's effectiveness in the theatre must surely come from his audiences.

Except for "The Three Penny Opera" none of Brecht's plays achieved great popularity in Germany before the war. This may have been due to social as well as to artistic causes. Certainly the Brecht style is not easy to render on the stage by actors and directors schooled in an entirely different mode. In any case, Brecht has never been adequately presented in this country, despite Charles Laughton's contribution to "Galileo" and the remarkable intelligence evident in the present production. I have a feeling, however, that postwar Europe may acclaim Brecht. "Terrible is the temptation of goodness," says the narrator in "The Caucasian Chalk Circle." It is a maxim emblematic of a force that may counterbalance the evil spirits rampant amid the ruins. The virtue of Brecht's plays is good sense carried to the point of grandeur.

HAROLD CLURMAN

PERIODICALS

IN MID-SUMMER HUMANIST

LET CATHOLIC LIBERALS REPLY! by Paul Blanshard, a challenge to the hierarchy's social policy on birth control, therapeutic abortion, and segregated schools. Also: **FROM PATRIOTISM AND PROSPERITY TO GLOBALONEY** by Harry Elmer Barnes; and **RELIGION AND ETHICS AS AIDS TO WORLD ORDER** by Karl W. Deutsch.

The copy, 25¢ One-year subscription (4 issues) plus packet on church-state separation, $1.

AMERICAN HUMANIST ASSOCIATION
569R S. 13th East, Salt Lake City 2, Utah

SCIENCE & SOCIETY, Summer Issue, devoted entirely to a fully documented criticism of the European Recovery Program, by J. J. Joseph—"European Recovery and United States Aid." Available at leading bookstores and from SCIENCE AND SOCIETY Inc., Dept. R, 30 East 20th Street, New York 3. N. Y. 40¢ copy. $1.50 a year (4 issues).

INSIDE THE RUSSIAN ZONE BY PETER NETTLE is typical of the articles in THE POLITICAL QUARTERLY, one of the most stimulating journals published in Britain. Obtainable from British Publications, Inc., 150 East 35th St., New York 16, N. Y. at $1.25 per single copy or $4.50 yearly subscription.

BOOKS

AKRITAN SONGS

A collection of poems written by the outstanding Greek poet Angelos Sikelianos during the most terrible months of the German occupation. In defiance of the oppressors, in an all transparent symbolism. Now published with an introduction and an English translation by Paul Nord, another prominent Greek poet now living in this country.

Our special Offer 50¢ a copy.

THE SPAP COMPANY, 116 Broad St., N. Y. 4, N. Y.

RESEARCH

COMPLETE RESEARCH SERVICES in the fields of psychology, sociology, economics. Preparation of articles, speeches, 25 years experience. E. P. Hillpern, 10 East 78th Street, New York City 21.

RADIO: Investment in Good Will

Saul Carson is in Europe, and guest columnists are substituting for him. Station WHCU (CBS), Ithaca, New York, is almost in a class by itself. Owned by a great educational institution, it does not depend upon the university either for "educational" programming or for financial support, but competes in the commercial field against other broadcasters. The problems facing such a station are summarized here by WHCU's general manager, Michael R. Hanna.

THERE ARE SOME who think that WHCU, the Cornell University Radio Station, is a successful broadcasting operation. If the reader will tolerate a viewpoint necessarily a "little" biased, in return for an honest attempt at perspective, we can at least examine a philosophy of broadcasting which has proved, from Cornell's viewpoint, to be basically sound.

The University's interest in radio dates as far back as 1918. It was granted a broadcast license in 1922. Prior to 1940, however, radio at Cornell consisted largely of electrical-engineering experimentation; there was relatively little programming. Most of the programs (slightly more than an hour a day) were produced by the New York State College of Agriculture. Between 1932 and 1940 the facilities were leased to the Elmira *Star Gazette* and during those eight years WHCU (then WESG) was known as the Elmira, New York, station.

On June 3, 1940, WHCU reverted to full control and operation by Cornell. The University wanted an educational, public-service radio station that would be self-supporting. We were convinced, despite warnings to the contrary, that better radio helped make better communities; that economically, socially and culturally superior communities would stimulate and *pay for* better radio.

I reported for duty on Memorial Day, three days before the announced opening. Only someone very young and very ignorant would have shown his face. Here's a quick inventory: no staff on hand; no transcription library (what are small stations made of?). A news service was on its way by special courier. We were proud owners of studio control equipment about 20 years old, which had received the loving attentions of several gadget-happy electrical-engineering students. (Only one man held the complete secret of its operation. We courted him.) A few dollars' worth of expiring contracts were left—and $6,900 for capital!

Staff was recruited from the student body. WHCU went on the air at the appointed time. Mistakes were made, but we were started on the long-range job of building an organization, replacing antiquated equipment and planning new quarters—all under the watchful eye of the Cornell treasurer. Never did we let ourselves lose sight of the necessity for supporting ourselves. Vital and unlimited co-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

operation from the University administration was, and still is, an important factor in our operation. No management has ever had a more sympathetic owner. We have been encouraged in progressive experiments and technical development in a manner unknown to many owners of "100-percent commercial" stations. But the philosophy of "give it away and make it pay" has provided every dollar of cost. How?

To serve community needs the broadcaster must understand them.

The economy, religion, politics, the psychology of the region—in short, the way of life within the signal area of a radio station—are vital subjects for research and study by station management. Once this understanding is assimilated, news programs, special features, long-range "better citizenship" campaigns, public-relations activities—all begin to fall into the pattern the philosophy of operation dictates. Under such a plan the successful search for little Johnny's mongrel pup has a definite place in our service. If a little village church is razed by fire, we believe it to be our job to help rebuild it—result: confidence and loyalty.

WHCU sent a 16-year-old citizen of a little town to talk with top-level folks in the UN. Result—a better young citizen and a community of *loyal* listeners. The youthful concept of Halloween—malicious destruction—has been changed in Ithaca by WHCU through its leadership among schools, the PTA and the folks around town. These diverse activities are far removed from the "big time ballyhoo" activities of "promotional" operations; but they also belie the academic connotations sometimes attached to a university station. (Professors, merely by being professors, have no access to our microphones.) The work has achieved its purpose of bringing the station and the people closer together.

Even big area projects are handled with grass-roots simplicity. Each week WHCU, through its own initiative, brings to its listeners a digest of editorial thinking and a reflection of civic activity as they appear in the often ignored weekly press of Central New York. This program has a double edge. It sets a pattern of small community action and stimulates the publishers of these weeklies to a fuller realization of their responsibilities. This year we are giving cash prizes in the sum of nearly $2,000 to the publishers doing the best editorial and civic writing in their columns.

We do "give it away"—in money, personnel, time, programs and civic activity. Now, how does it pay?

A broadcaster sells time—an intangible if ever you heard of one. What takes up that time—the program—must have listeners who will prove they pay attention by buying the advertisers' products or services. Listeners become buyers when they approve of programs, have confidence in and loyalty to the radio station.

In our first year, starting from scratch and under the circumstances outlined above, we lost $2,500. Since June 3, 1940, we have built modern studios furnished with the most efficient broadcast equipment. We have spent nearly $100,000 on installation and maintenance of a powerful FM station. A new AM transmitter was installed. Application has been made and financing planned for a television station. WHCU has built a staff of about 40 radio professionals whose annual salary check exceeds $110,000.

All this comes from income. The breadwinner is a station which by license limitations goes on the air at sun-up and off at sun-down. Its limitations have been overshadowed by its listenability, its realism in the field of service and its diligence in selling time to an understanding and appreciative advertising market.

WHCU has won national awards in both the commercial and public-service fields. Its owner, Cornell, feels that such ownership has been worthwhile. And this immodest writer has confirmed an early belief that in radio, as in any business, well-planned, realistic public service makes for better broadcasting, a better community, and shows a profit. MICHAEL R. HANNA

MOTION PICTURE

BARBARA Stanwyck • BURT Lancaster IN 'Sorry, Wrong Number'
A HAL WALLIS Productions, Inc., Picture
A Paramount Release
IN PERSON
CARMEN CAVALLARO
And His Orchestra
Featuring Bob Lido • The Cavaliers
THE MARTIN BROTHERS
Plus LARRY STORCH
NOW TIMES SQUARE PARAMOUNT Midnight Feature Nightly

CHURCH AND STATE MUST STAY SEPARATE P.O.A.U.
WOULD YOU
End the Ambassadorhip to the Vatican?
Repeal State laws aiding church schools?
Join with Protestants and other Americans?
941 Colorado Bldg., Washington 5, D. C.
Write P. O. A. U. Today

CIGARETTES

CIGARETTES. $1.51 carton Postpaid. Insured. Minimum order 5. Send check, money order: P. X. SALES, Box 335, Newark, DELAWARE.

FARMS & ACREAGE

BERKSHIRE Farm AGENCY, East Chatham, N. Y. Farms and estates. Massachusetts-New York. Berkshires (Tanglewood Country). Consulting broker for organizations.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

SCIENTIFIC HANDWRITING analysis. Alfred Kanfer, 62 Leroy St., N. Y. C. Tel. WA4-1575. Cooperating with doctors; psychologists, schools, firms, industries. Lessons. By appointment, or mail. Marital, educational, vocational, psychological problems. Fee $3.00.

LANGUAGES

LINGUAPHONE MAKES LANGUAGES EASY. At home learn to speak Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, French, German, Russian, by quick, easy Linguaphone Conversational Method. Save time, work, money. Linguaphone Correspondence Courses are available to Veterans under G. I. BILL OF RIGHTS. Send for FREE book. State if G. I. Linguaphone Institute, 86 RCA Bldg., New York 20, N. Y.

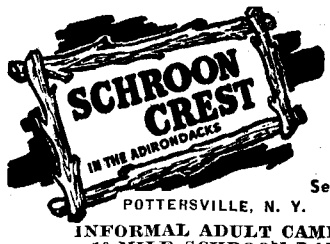
SPANISH, FRENCH, HEBREW, ARABIC. 25 other languages PHONOGRAPH courses. ALL MAKES, ALL METHODS. New, used, sold, rented. ALIN, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York, MU 3-1093.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

WRITERS
Conscientious sales service for your short stories, articles, books and plays. Send for FREE circular —today!
DANIEL S. MEAD LITERARY AGENCY
Dept. N.R., 264 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RESORTS



Low September Rates

POTTERSVILLE, N. Y.

INFORMAL ADULT CAMP
on 10-MILE SCHROON LAKE

Sports All Water Activities; Baseball; Handball; Bicycling; Saddle Horses; Game Room, etc.

5 CHAMPIONSHIP CLAY TENNIS COURTS

Social Activities—Excellent Food: COZY BAR

Send for Illustrated Booklet Phone: Chestertown 2830
New York City Office: Phone: MAin 4-8570—MAin 4-1230
LEAH OKUN, Director

YOURS! *A little more than* EVERYTHING!

FOR A WONDERFUL VACATION— MAKE RESERVATIONS NOW!

ALL SPORTS (professionally equipped)...riding, too...indoor recreations, Arts and Crafts, good eating, merry company, entertainment staff, musicales, open-hearth fires, cheery quarters (regular or de luxe).

WOODBOURNE, N.Y. Tel. WOODBOURNE 1150

CHESTERS ZUNBARG

A DELIGHTFUL HIDEAWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

THE WOODLANDS
AN ADULT RESORT

FOR THE SPIRITED: hiking, swimming, tennis, handball, volley ball, badminton, archery, good eating.

FOR THE LAZYBONES: modern book and record library, open fireplace, good eating.

Rates: $47.50 after September 6th

• Telephone: Phoenicia 215 • Siggie Goldner •

—MERRIEWOODE—
A Camp for Adults Stoddard, N. H.

FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT: Beautiful Highland Lake, 10 miles long with good fishing and free use of boats and canoes; interesting hiking objectives thru woodland trails; fine tennis and handball courts, badminton, shuffleboard, archery, riflery, croquet, ping-pong, square and folk dancing.

OLIVE H. G. BARON, Dir.

SAUGERTIES, N.Y.
Tel. 590-J

Real Country. Unusual Grounds. Pine woods. Interesting hiking. Modern, attractive accommodations. All sports, including horseback and bicycling. Finest food. Music library. Fair rates. Booklet.

VERMONT VACATION

FALL VACATIONISTS, enjoy scenic restful surroundings, home-cooked meals. Mrs. Elvira Olson, RFD No. 2, Plainfield, Vermont.

GOLDENBRIDGE, N. Y.

INDIAN SUMMER VACATION, September-October. 3-room apartment, family or two couples. Commuting distance. Reasonable. Call Katonah 542-M, write Box 4, Goldenbridge, New York.

MOVIES: End of Summer

THE GENERAL LEVEL of releases during these closing weeks of air conditioning's brilliant run is such that we pay "Pitfall" an empty compliment by putting it head and shoulders above its competitors. That's unfortunate, for I suspect the film might seem good even without the contrast of its dreary neighbors.

"Pitfall" proves again what we all know: good movies need not wait upon the appearance of creative genius nor Arabian Nights financing. They can be made whenever someone decides that credible behavior competently enacted is more than likely to provide satisfactory entertainment. "Pitfall" is by no stretch of the imagination either memorable or original, but it is honest and diverting; it will neither insult you nor bore you.

The story is a melodramatic triangle involving Dick Powell, Lizabeth Scott and Jane Wyatt, who work out their small but bitter tragedy with the amount of courage, compassion and humor customarily available to normal people. They get into a bad mess through circumstances not entirely their own fault and no one tries to pretend at the end that everything has been patched up as good as new. Verisimilitude should not be such a rare screen virtue that a script can seem distinguished or an actor talented for that achievement alone. But that's the state we're in and I have to praise what I can find.

The fourth principal in "Pitfall," however, provides an enlightening contrast to the performances of the above trio. Raymond Burr, the villain, turns an indiscretion into a tragedy—the kind of dirty work for which he is now repeatedly employed. It would be impossible to guess whether Burr is an actor or not, for the movies never call upon him to demonstrate. He is a piece of furniture—like an oddly designed sofa or an unusual staircase—employed because his physical peculiarities establish an atmosphere. Burr is well over six feet tall, astonishingly broad of shoulder, very heavy, with a saurian face and a catlike walk. He looks evil and dangerous and he represents the extreme of type casting.

In itself, type casting is neither good nor bad—it is one way of achieving a theatrical effect. But on practical grounds, it is very wasteful. An actor can be employed again and again; a type actor should be thrown away after one performance. If he appears half a dozen times he inevitably makes each new film seem like a repetition of its predecessor. Often it is just that and no one raises the point, but in "Pitfall" Burr is as disconcerting as a second-hand stage set.

As the screen credits fade into the opening of "The Velvet Touch," a male chorus, presumably borrowed from Fred Waring, announces that Rosalind Russell possesses this unusual tactile gift, and throughout the film the idiosyncracy is referred to admiringly by various members of the cast. But just what it is or why it should be desirable never becomes clear. Miss Russell is playing a sensational Broadway actress and it seems odd that furry fingers should be an asset in that line of work.

Not to mince words, "The Velvet Touch" is claptrap, notable only for the fact that the murder everyone agrees the heroine has committed and for which she pays the established penalty is at most manslaughter and with any decent legal work at all could be interpreted as justifiable homicide. Surely, the motion-picture code is not now insisting on more than an eye for an eye.

When the movies wander into the shadows of fantasy, the laws of nature can be flouted at the flick of a director's eyebrow. But once the studio has produced its miracle it has to think of something amusing to do with it, and that is altogether another kind of trick.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So you are shown something like "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid."

The lady in this case is an honest-to-goodness impossibility, half fish, half ingenue, swimming around there right before your eyes. But the consequences of her appearance on the end of William Powell's fishing tackle are unimaginative, unfunny and unsurprising. The film, made with squeamish good taste, seems a little obscene. Perhaps all the fuss about getting the upper half of Ann Blyth into a brassière starts the mind down noisome paths.

In "Race Street," I remember, George Raft plays an honest bookmaker and William Bendix, his boyhood chum, plays an honest cop. About "The Walls of Jericho," which I saw a week earlier, I remember nothing at all. The old figure of speech—as dead as yesterday's newspaper—seems to be losing its force.

There is no people so justifiably proud of its own inherent charm as the British and you readily forgive them their moments of self-admiration. It might be better, though, if they did not export films which, like "Quiet Weekend," must seem a little complacent to heathen eyes.

"Quiet Weekend" is one of those exceedingly modest British productions in which nothing at all out of the way occurs but in which everyone insists that he is as comfortable as an old shoe. It is quietly funny, gently touching, harmlessly snobbish and thoroughly wholesome. It makes you proud to be an Englishman—if you are one. ROBERT HATCH

CORRESPONDENCE

Other Lobby

SIR: In the Bandwagon column, in your issue of August 23, you quote from the Los Angeles *Daily News* that paying more money to teachers was objected to by Theodore K. Resmey of the People's Lobby of California.

Readers may think that is part of People's Lobby, Inc., but actually it has no connection, and we have been compelled to repudiate its action several times.

BENJAMIN C. MARSH
Executive Secretary,
People's Lobby, Inc.
Washington, D. C.

Loaded

SIR: Your article, page 11, August 9 issue, on "Seattle Witch-Hunt," is timely and very much to the point. Such articles are most helpful in view of the fact that the daily press in this state is loaded (in both senses of the word) in favor of this reprehensible "Canwell Committee."

WILLIAM H. FISHER
Cheney, Wash.

Wrong Town

SIR: In TRB's column of the *New Republic*, August 16, reference is made to Ed Meeman of the Nashville *Press-Scimitar*. Capable, courageous Ed Meeman is Editor of the Memphis *Press-Scimitar*, home-town paper of fallen boss Ed Crump.

FRANK MCCALLISTER
Atlanta Ga.

A Little Knowledge

SIR: Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to introduce to you the subject of dipper news. An editor dips into something but you never hear the rest of it. For instance, "England and the US Give Russia Three Days' Warning," and a week later another dipper reveals that the United States and Great Britain have sent Russia a note, "Look out or else," but nothing happens—in fact that's all there is to a dipper story—just the beginning.

Another example of dipper news came out a few days ago. "Actress Sues Look Magazine for Lifting Her Face in Advance." That's all you'll ever hear about it.

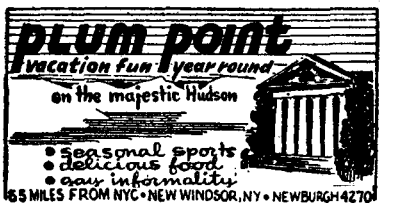
No matter how rich he gets or how much he thinks he knows, a newspaperman is still a newsboy, elbowing his way along to sell something. He has no principle about him, little manhood, and no humanity whatever!

CHAS. C. KELLY
Glidden, Ia.

RESORTS

CHESTERTOWN, NEW YORK
Modern Adult Camp in the Adirondacks
RESERVE NOW FOR SEPTEMBER
Limited number of vacancies in men's accommodations only.
All women accommodations filled till Sept. 6.
• Full Social Staff •
• All Sports • Cocktail Lounge
• Saddle Horses • Orchestra
Chestertown 3830 City Info.: Tivoli 2-5572

OAKWOOD
New Windsor, N. Y. Newburgh 4477
Delightful Colonial Estate. Private lake for Boating and Swimming. All Sports. Dancing, Television. Adults. 75 minutes from N. Y. Write or phone for Booklet 7.


plum point
vacation fun year round
on the majestic Hudson
• seasonal sports
• delicious food
• easy informality
55 MILES FROM NYC • NEW WINDSOR, NY • NEWBURGH 4270

THE FIELDSTONE
On Round Island Lake
√ HANDBALL • BICYCLES • PING PONG
√ TENNIS • fast clay courts
√ SWIMMING • BOATING • on natural lake
SO . . . MAKE A DATE
PHONE 7965 MONROE, N. Y.

MAMANASCO Lake Lodge
Ridgefield, Conn. • Phone 820
A modern resort of distinction. All outdoor activities. Tennis. Golf. Bicycles. Mile-long lake. All water sports. Fine fishing. Varied indoor program. Excellent cuisine and accommodations. Television. Superb library of books and recordings. Moderate rates.

OPEN ALL YEAR « » OPEN ALL YEAR
Terrace View House
Catskill Mts. SO. DURHAM, N. Y. Alti. 2400 ft.
Viennese-American cuisine. Running water. beautiful view, all sports. Pollen-free area.
LABOR DAY, 3 DAYS, $21
Call Cairo 3-F-14 • Ask for Booklets

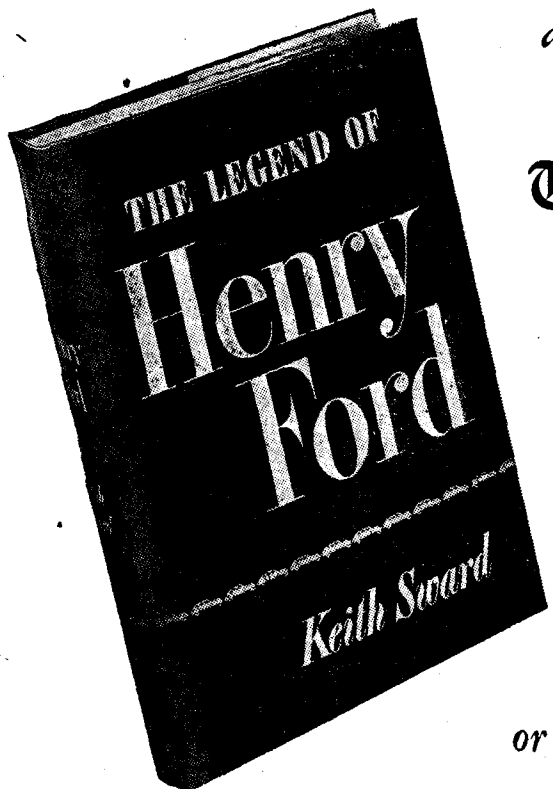
VINEYARD LODGE
Modern comforts in quaint Dutch Colonial setting.
Woodland trails, bicycling, library, recordings.
fireplace, swimming, American-Jewish cuisine.
Adults only.
Phone Kingston 3430 Ulster Park, N. Y.

Printed by STEINBERG PRESS, INC., Morgan & Johnson Aves., Brooklyn 6, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK FIND CLUB

that has brought you **THE NAKED AND THE DEAD**
and **THE STILWELL PAPERS**
announces another notable selection



The Legend of *Henry Ford*

by Keith Sward

This book is one of the most fascinating — and certainly one of the most provocative—biographies of our time. With brilliant scholarship and a keen sense of story-telling, the author traces the rise to fame and riches of the industrial genius who revolutionized the automobile age. No less brilliantly, Mr. Sward analyzes the Ford legend and distinguishes between the man and the myth. Here is the farm boy who became a mechanic, the mechanic who became a billionaire; the man who said that "history is bunk" and spent a fortune to preserve the past; the staunch individualist who claimed that "the vast majority of men wanted to be led." *The Legend of Henry Ford* is more than a biography; it is a history of one of the most fascinating periods in American history and finance in terms of the man who played a leading part in that period.

You can start your membership
with The Legend of Henry Ford—
or with any one of these distinguished selections:

OUR PLUNDERED PLANET *by Fairfield Osborn*
A MASK FOR PRIVILEGE *by Carey McWilliams*
MAN AGAINST MYTH *by Barrows Dunham*
CRITICS AND CRUSADERS *by Charles Madison*
THE AGE OF JACKSON *by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.*
THE WORLD WITHIN *edited by Mary L. Aswell*
THE BIG SKY *by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.*
MIND AND BODY *by Flanders Dunbar*
THE TIMES OF MELVILLE & WHITMAN *by Van Wyck Brooks*
PROUD DESTINY *by Lion Feuchtwanger*

The Book Find Club
401 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book Find Club. I agree to purchase a minimum of 4 selections a year at the SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP RATE OF ONLY $1.65 A BOOK (plus 14¢ postage and handling). I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing 4 selections.

PLEASE SEND ME AS MY FIRST SELECTION

.....

and send me the brochure from which I may select my GIFT book for joining the Club.

NAME

STREET

CITY ZONE STATE

(Prices slightly higher in Canada) NR-8

How the Club Operates

The Naked and the Dead, The Stilwell Papers, The Legend of Henry Ford and the other selections mentioned above are representative of the books —the best in fiction and non-fiction— that the Book Find Club distributes to its members month after month. The publishers' list prices of these selections range from $2.50 to $5.00, but Book Find Club members pay only the regular membership price of $1.65 a book (plus 14c postage and handling). In addition, new members are entitled to a GIFT book, which they may choose from a descriptive brochure provided by the Club. Membership is very simple. There are no fees or dues. You pay only for the books you accept.

Each month, our literary magazine, the *Book Find News*, is mailed to you free. It reviews the forthcoming selection and contains other literary articles of interest to book lovers. If you want the selection you merely let it come. If not, you return the printed form (furnished by us) which tells us not to send the selection. Your only obligation as a member is to accept as few as 4 books a year. Since it is almost certain that you read at least four Book Find Club selections during the year anyway, why not get them from the Club at the tremendous savings we are able to effect through our large printing orders?

Start your Book Find Club membership by filling out and mailing the coupon today

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED